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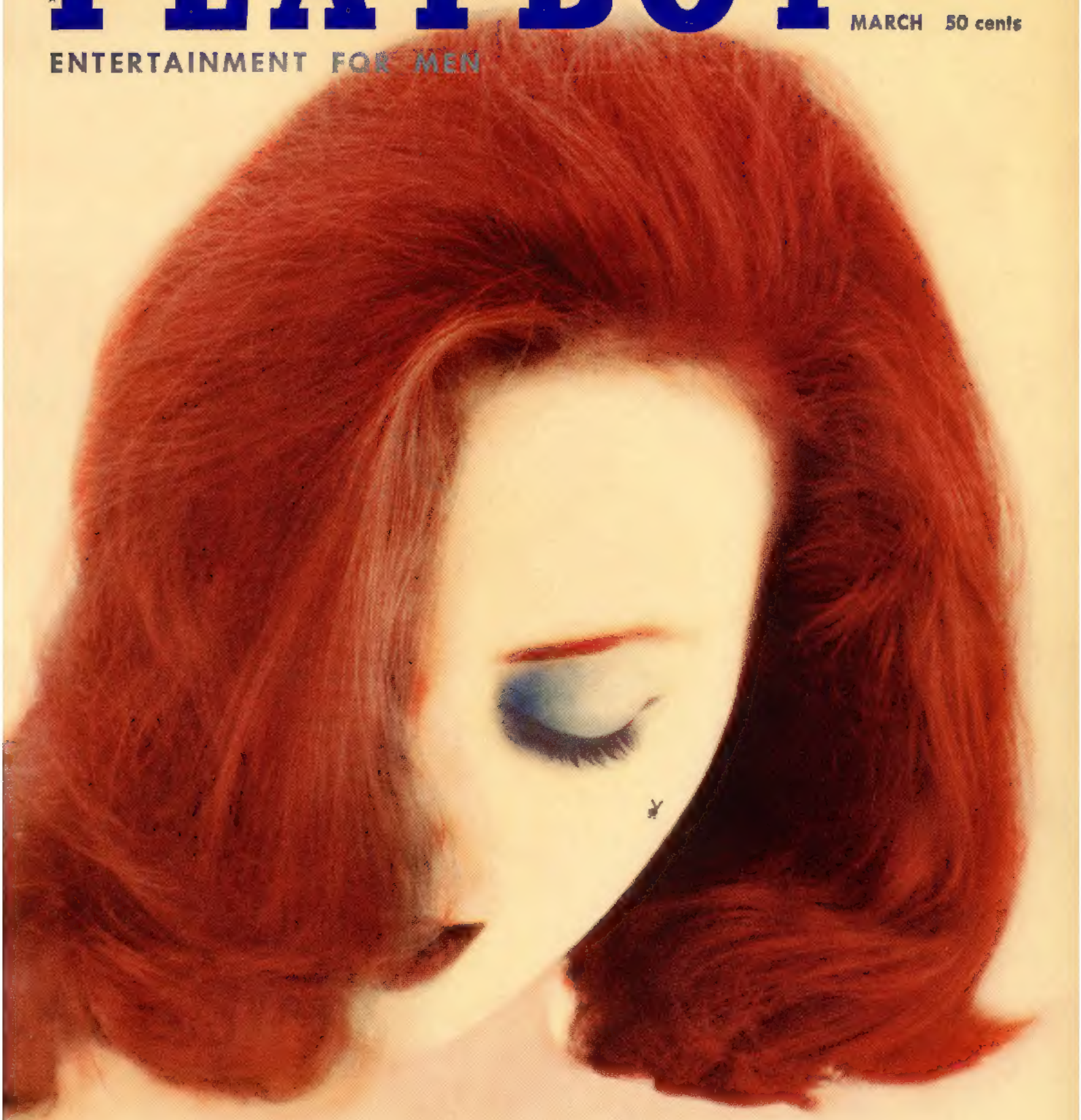

PLAYBOY IN LAS VEGAS • A NEW SUSPENSE NOVELETTE BY IAN FLEMING

LA REVOLUTION DE L'AUTOMOBILE *or, how more and more Americans have made their driving fun again.*

La Proclamation: We, the drivers of America, want a car that is economical, quality-built, comfortable, parkable, handsome. We demand a return to the car-car! *Le Background: Renault, pioneer name in the automobile world (since 1896), heeds the call to rational driving; Renault designs, tests, starts selling the delectable Dauphine. It catches on!*

LES REASONS-WHY: **1. The price you pay is $1645;* 2. Drive over 300 miles on a tank of gas (up to 40 mpg); save up to 60% on gas bills! 3. Now, lower insurance premiums granted by some insurance companies because of the greater safety and maneuverability; 4. One of the best-organized service-and-parts networks in the country with over 800 (!) U.S. dealers, (over 150 more in Canada), all with factory-trained men on hand; 5. Striking engineering & design advances include smooth-operating rear-engine, unit construction, four-doors, elegant Parisian lines; 6. Many more, see for yourself.**

La Situation Today: you've been reading about the great changes in the automobile picture. Well... go compare, see, check. Feature for feature. Dollar for dollar. Then come back and see once more the car that helped bring it all about. (See too, the jazzy Caravelle convertible.) The automobile revolution... she is here.....Allons Citoyens!

LE SPIRIT OF 1960

Le Car Hot: RENAULT Dauphine

*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, N.Y. P.Y. LOCAL TAXES, EXTRA. SLIDING SUN-ROOF, OPTIONAL EXTRA. FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE WRITE RENAULT, INC., 200 THIRD AVENUE, N.Y. 17, N.Y. OR SEE YOUR NEAREST DEALER.

PLAYBILL

COMMANDER IAN FLEMING — tall, charming, Continental-suited, profoundly British, profoundly sophisticated, radiating his Eton and Sandhurst background — dropped by the PLAYBOY Building and was properly impressed by the smart decor and the uncommon beauty of the receptionists and secretaries. "I'm doing a piece for *The London Times* on The Wicked Cities," he told us. "I don't suppose you could introduce me to any of the Mafia chaps?" We would have liked to, but we lead a cloistered life, so instead we cabbed him around to lamp the Biograph Theatre where John Dillinger was apprehended, to the site of the flower shop where Dion O'Banion got his, and to other historic Chicago landmarks. Then we arranged to pick him up at his hotel, the Ambassador, for dinner at eight. Fleming — creator of James Bond, the secret agent of those healthily-selling novels, *Doctor No, Casino Royale, Live and Let Die, Goldfinger* (*Playboy After Hours*, October 1959) and others — had written a James Bond novelette for us just before this Chicago visit. There had been an exchange of transatlantic correspondence, friendly but reserved, in the course of which he had said, "I'm sure James Bond, if he were an actual person, would be a registered reader of PLAYBOY." At dinner that evening, Fleming dropped the names of Maugham, Coward, Churchill, Whitehead, Hitchcock, deprecated the prevalence of the tomato in American cuisine, praised (and drank) American beer, reminded us he had served with British Naval Intelligence during World War II, is now Foreign Manager of *The London Sunday Times*, is married to the former Lady Rothermere. "My wife gives me absolute hell over the kind of books I write," he said as he tucked into a plate of frog's legs, "but I find them an awful lot of fun." We do, too, and we recommend you tuck into this issue's James Bond adventure right away. It's called *The Hildebrand Rarity* and is illustrated with high imagination by a young newcomer to these pages, Allan Phillips.

When we decided the time was ripe for *the* article on Charles Chaplin, we commissioned another Charles, named Beaumont, for the job. The popular PLAYBOY regular (*Black Country, The Crooked Man, The Music of the Yellow Brass*) who now has a novel and three story collections under his belt, took a good deal of pains writing the piece and finally handed it in with the following note: "This is a very personal and subjective article, more essay than anything else. It is the distillation of everything I've learned and felt about Chaplin. If it seems excessively laudatory, that is the way I feel. I hope it's what you had in mind." It is.

Shirley Jackson shot to fame on the basis of a single story, *The Lottery*, but has maintained that fame through stacks of unique fiction, including a recent novel, *The Haunting of Hill House* (*Playboy After Hours*, December 1959). *A Great Voice Stilled*, in this issue, is her first contribution to PLAYBOY, and we welcome her warmly. Miss Jackson is camera-shy, so you won't find her picture on this page; Roger Price is far from camera-shy so you *will* find his picture. You'll also find, on page 39, his very amusing piece, *The Roger Price Theory of Nomenclature*.

PLAYBOY goes on the town in Las Vegas this month, with a multipage section, filled with photos and wise words, that takes its place alongside our past takeouts on San Francisco and Chicago. PLAYBOY also reports on its entrance into television: that sophisticated, celebrity-studded TV party, *Playboy's Penthouse*, hosted by Hugh M. Hefner, is accorded a photographic report. Thomas Mario writes succulently of *Some Enchanted Eating*; Hugh Carlisle talks about young automotive millionaire Lance Reventlow; and the issue is filled with other brisk features for this brisk month of March.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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NEIMAN'S WEEMIN

It seems there's this fellow named
Neiman,
An artist who paints like a demon.
From horses and clothes
And bar rooms he rose;
Now why don't you let him draw
weemin?

Ralph Canterbury
Tempe, Arizona

Weemin by Neiman appear every month in the form of the "femlins" who cavort on our "Party Jokes" page.

AND SO TO BED

I think that *The Playboy Bed* makes the November PLAYBOY the greatest ever.

John W. Biddinger
Bloomington, Indiana

This bed is a necessity to the decor of my bedroom. I have become completely entranced and fascinated with this article of furniture. Mr. James E. Tucker's creation is, in my opinion, a masterpiece. I plan to have this bed built for me.

Richard Elliott
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Man, that bed bit was Yaghhhh! Who needs it? If you have a refrigerator, bar, and other food dispensers in bed with you, all I can say is — where the hell is the automatic garbage disposal unit? I mean, like why not build a weekend hideaway or penthouse with just one room: a bedroom — 70′ x 110′ with all the luxuries you can think of plus bars on the windows and padded walls?

Hugh R. Maksylewich
Toronto, Ontario

I greatly admired *Beds From Other Times and Places*. The torrid, sultry luxuriate who graces the Roman divan with embellishments of a leopard skin, voluptuous grapes, and a sprig of peacock feathers is certainly consistent with the traditions of imperial splendor and opulence. However, the suggested dates of her indigeneity do not fully encompass the period recognized as being concomitant with Imperial Rome. The Eastern Roman Empire continued a marvelously degenerate existence for another hundred years after 476 A.D., the date marking the collapse of the Western Empire, and indeed, was so fertile because of its exposure to heretofore unknown oriental influences that it managed to resuscitate and to restore some of the Western area to its former glory.

James R. Bloomfield
Instructor of History
Muhlenberg College
Allentown, Pennsylvania

True: the Eastern Roman Empire did not collapse until 100 years after the date we gave; but the bed in question, due to constant use, collapsed precisely on that date.

Dr. Theodor Reik's *The Psychology of Sleep* was high-calibre material by an outstanding author. I've heard him lecture at the University of California and PLAYBOY is to be commended on choosing him to handle the highly misunderstood world of dreams.

Charles M. Sicard
Portland, Oregon

Sleep? I've always known how to sleep! I stayed up all night after reading John Pfeiffer's *The Physiology of Sleep*, thanks.

Ronald Winston
Kent, Ohio

LIGHTS OUT

I am sure it will interest you to know that, although Frank Lloyd Wright designed my house, PLAYBOY designed my new bed.

Arch Oboler
Studio City, California

THE JOAN CLUB

I do not drive a sports car, carry a Spanish wineskin to college football games, nor participate in wild weekend orgies — but I am a free-wheeling bachelor and know a good magazine when I read one! Such a publication is PLAYBOY. Special praise, if you please.

PLAYBOY, MARCH, 1960, VOL. 7, NO. 3. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. PRINTED IN U. S. A. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1960 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, $14 FOR THREE YEARS, $11 FOR TWO YEARS, $6 FOR ONE YEAR, ELSEWHERE ADD $3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: MAIN ADVERTISING OFFICE, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL., MI 2-1000; BRANCH OFFICE, HOWARD LEDERER, EASTERN MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, N. Y., CI 5-2620; LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE, BLANCHARD-NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, 633 S. WESTMORELAND AVE., LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF., DU 8-5834; SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE, BLANCHARD-NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, PHILLIPS AND VAN ORDEN BLDG., 500 3RD ST., SAN FRANCISCO 7, CALIF., YU 6-6361; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, SOUTHEAST ADVERTISING SALES, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG., MIAMI 32, FLA., FR 1-2103.

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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON THE WEST COAST

to Link and Levinson for *The Joan Club* in November. A better short-short story I've never had the pleasure of reading.

Richard Dean
Leavenworth, Washington

I have just read the one-page gem *The Joan Club*. At the end, I stood up, slapped my thighs, said "ha-ha" and went to the typewriter to write this letter. A funny and truth-laden story.

George Maxfield
New York, New York

O DEBT

I'd like to meet Carlton Brown, whose *O Debt, Where Is Thy Sting?* appeared in your November issue. I thought my circle of friends included experts on *every* creditor approach and the proper riposte thereto. Now I see them as slobs, all. I have the piece clipped for my son, who'll need it on maturity. Perhaps he'll reach new heights of Creditor Evasion.

Powell Ensign
Hastings-on-Hudson, New York

Concerning the article, *O Debt, Where Is Thy Sting?*: I think it is disgusting. I would rather be a Communist than think the way you do. Because that is what causes depressions and probably the eventual fall of your capitalistic regime. How much longer do you think it will last???

Harold Bethancourt
Vancouver, British Columbia

The article in your November issue, *O Debt, Where Is Thy Sting?*, was a real schooling for me, but I have one question. How do I apply it to Uncle Sam's tax department?

Thomas C. Johnson
Norfolk, Virginia

As soon as we figure out that one, we'll let you know.

FEIFFER

I have been an avid fan of Jules Feiffer for quite some time now, and after seeing his most recent rib-tickler, *The Battler* (December issue), I am convinced that his unique interpretations of everyday life are incomparable. Truly a riot.

Jim Townsend
Dover, Delaware

BRIDGE MIX

Very good article on bridge by T. K. Brown III in the December issue. I don't want to appear selfish or imply that everyone is interested in bridge, but I would appreciate a monthly bridge column on the subject.

Don Sperling
Los Angeles, California

Who needs: articles on bridge? Long, dull, no fun at all. Bridge is for dumpy

WIN THIS SON OF HILL PRINCE

WINNER OF $420,000

Kentucky Club 7TH Annual Derby Day Contest

First Prize gives you this roan Thoroughbred colt plus two choice seats to 1960 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

THIS YEAR'S Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest brings you a golden opportunity to win a colt with top potential. His sire, *Hill Prince*, was winner of 17 races and $420,000—has sired 12 stake winners. His grandsire, *Princequillo*, sired *Round Table*, leading money winner of the world.

Just name this prize colt and he's yours. No need to worry about how you would take care of a race horse. Kentucky Club pays all expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1960. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. He may bring you a fortune.

IT'S EASY TO WIN. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of *Hill Prince*. For example, a name might be *Kentucky Hills*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones.

Ted Atkinson, Hall of Fame Jockey, helped select this prize colt

TED SAYS: "This is a great colt—a great contest—and a great line of tobaccos. It's easy to find your personal pipe tobacco in Kentucky Club's blends. All packaged in moisture-proof Kenseal Pouch that keeps tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking."

CONTEST RULES: 1. In not over 16 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Kentucky Hills* counts as 14 letters. Use plain paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.

2. Send as many entries as you like to—

"Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest,"
P. O. Box 21F, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, Kentucky Club White Burley, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 11, 1960. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby, other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Just name him and he's yours

USE THIS ENTRY BLANK OR PLAIN PAPER . . . SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU LIKE

NAME FOR HORSE. NOT OVER 16 LETTERS OR 3 WORDS

PRINT YOUR NAME

STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

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Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 21F, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y.

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2nd TO 11th PRIZES—Famous Gibson Suburban Air Conditioner. Two H. P. Cools 3 whole rooms, yet fits small windows. Automatic thermostat. Extra dehumidification action. Total comfort cooling. Beautiful trimline cabinet finished in Baffin Beige and Antique White.

12th TO 76th PRIZES—Osterizer, the original liquefier-blender with exclusive features. Glass container open at both ends. Removable blades for thorough cleaning. Tapered cutting well for continuous feeding. Food magic at the flick of a switch.

77th TO 500th PRIZES—Eight beautiful "Derby Day" glasses especially created for winners of this contest.

• • • •

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married couples, old hens and eunuchs. It's not "Entertainment for Men," and articles on it are even less entertaining.

Stephen Fischer
New Orleans, Louisiana

Brown's article on the Italian bridge system was very interesting, but I believe undue credit for the Italians' success has been given to the bidding system alone. I have a theory that climate and diet are also important factors.

Viston R. Smith
Seattle, Washington

Wha'???

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE

I wish to express my appreciation to PLAYBOY and Robert L. Green, for the fine job done on the article *Gifting the Girls* in the December issue. Until I read your article, I was having a rather difficult time selecting just the right gifts.

Rocky Miller
Benton Harbor, Michigan

SHERLOCK

As loyal Sherlockians, the members of our organization feel it necessary to contact you with regard to the efforts of Mr. Gahan Wilson in your December issue. Mr. Wilson evinces a knowledge and fidelity to detail that sets the satirist above the mere parodist. To Mr. Wilson our hearty, if necessarily unofficial, congratulations.

Dean W. Dickensheet
Acting Secretary
Scion Society of the Baker Street Irregulars
Los Angeles, California

KEROUAC, HIT THE ROAD

Jack Kerouac, that writer with the endless sentences the meaningless passages the unrelated references has in your December issue again rambled through page after page of sometimes glowing sometimes sallow ofttimes unreadable dribble. Please, no more.

David B. Cooper
Baltimore, Maryland

Kerouac? Kee-rap!

R. F. Carpenter
Pasadena, California

It seems a shame to me that a magazine that started out so well five or six years ago should end up with nothing better to fill its pages with than Jack Kerouac's *Before the Road*.

Delbert Cederberg
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Thanks to Kerouac for *Before the Road*. I try to follow his work as closely as I can, and this new novelette makes *On the Road* easier to understand, answers many questions I asked myself after finishing the novel.

Mike Doyle
Pasadena, California

A Wales knows no season. The Wales Checker, in the new authentic shepherd check is the style leader. Single breasted, fly front, in the new continental length. Comes in loden green, trimmed in exclusive Wales pattern of bronze and gold. Available with zip-in warmer. Retail approximately $25.00.

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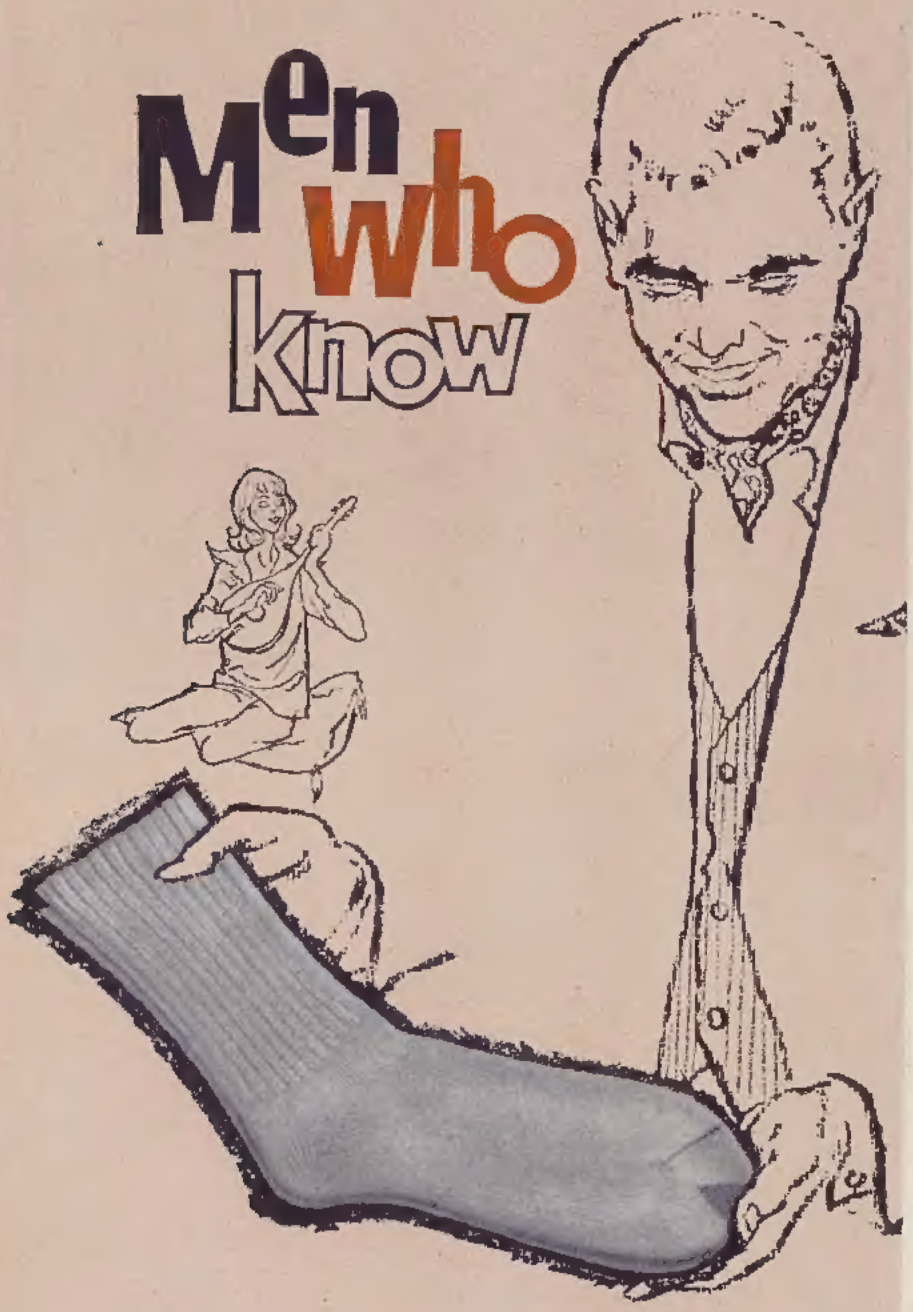

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Before the Road in your December issue was written in exceptionally fine Kerouac style, but I was even more impressed by the unusually sensitive conception of Kerouac's story in the painting by Herb Davidson.

Desmond Gaudet
Providence, Rhode Island

Was immediately enthralled by Davidson's illustration for Kerouac's latest. Why don't you publish a portfolio of past PLAYBOY art? Such classic work as Davidson's boy-with-cue and Neiman's *Black Country* merits the singular recognition of a PLAYBOY art anthology.

H. T. Patten
Baltimore, Maryland

THE CONTAMINATORS (CONT'D)

Congratulations on your precedent-setting editorial, *The Contaminators*. From PLAYBOY have come the brusque words that should have been uttered long ago by the A.E.C.

John A. Buckholz
Lyons, New York

I'm afraid your editorial radiates more heat than light. If you want to save us from poisoning, then write an editorial against cigarettes.

A. H. Rosenfeld
University of California
Berkeley, California

This information is important and should certainly be brought to the attention of the younger set reading your magazine. We found it most interesting and thought-provoking.

Fred A. Williams
Assistant to the President
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

The Contaminators is a little sterner stuff than I ordinarily see in PLAYBOY, but I appreciate the attention that your editorial gives to this problem. It may be that some people are unduly cautious as to the amount of Strontium 90 that may be absorbed into the system without danger to it. I think, however, that we will all do well to be on our guard, because no one can be sure and it would not hurt us to be safe. You have performed a good service in the editorial, and I want to commend you for it.

Senator Clinton P. Anderson
Joint Committee on Atomic Energy
Washington, D.C.

PLAYBOY deserves the thanks of all serious-minded citizens for *The Contaminators*. It is unquestionably the most vital article ever to appear in your excellent magazine.

John Boardman
Syracuse, New York

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

We can't vouch for the truth of this — it's a little too perfect to be Life Unadorned — but the raconteur from whom we heard it swears it happened. The police of a major American city, it seems, have responded to a recent gangland slaying by searching out and apprehending the violators of obscure, long-ignored, microscopically minor city ordinances. One of the younger police detectives recently scored a criminological triumph when he discovered that a delivery boy for a delicatessan carried a supply of tobacco, sans license, around on his motor bike for the convenience of his customers. A plot was laid to trap this public enemy, but a sympathetic cop passed the word along and the delivery boy hustled down to City Hall and got himself a tobacco license. Next day, the young detective hailed the boy making his rounds. "How about a pack of cigarettes?" asked the gumshoe.

"Ai, out. But I got cigars."

"OK. Gimme a cigar."

"I only sell in boxes. Ten dollars a box."

"I'll take a box," said the dick and forked over ten skins. As soon as the exchange was made he announced that the delivery boy was under arrest for selling tobacco without a license. The boy produced his license, and Mr. Law found himself stuck with a ten dollar box of unwanted stogies.

"I'll buy 'em back for six bucks," volunteered the delivery boy, and the resale was made. Whereupon the delivery boy mounted his motor bike, rode down to the police station and swore out a citizen's warrant against the detective. The charge: selling tobacco without a license.

•

The Willows Maternity Sanitarium, Inc., of Kansas City, Missouri, describes itself on its letterhead as catering to "the better class of unwed mother."

•

The release of the film *Solomon and Sheba* (reviewed farther on in these columns) has inspired the members of the editorial board here to play a little game called Sing a Song of Solomon, or One-solomonship. Trick is to come up with titles cadged from Solomon's *Song of Songs*, and other books of the Bible in which Solomon figures. So far, we've remembered novels called *Comfort Me with Apples, For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes, My Mother's House, A Well of Living Waters, Under the Apple Tree, Army with Banners, A Tower of Ivory* and *The Winter Is Past*; a book of poems and later a song called *This Is My Beloved*; plays called *The Voice of the Turtle* and *The Little Foxes*, movies called *The Song of Songs, Fear in the Night* and *Stronger than Death*, a Steinbeck character named Rose of Sharon (all these from the *Song of Songs* alone); and from *Kings, Luke, Matthew* and *Psalms*, books entitled *Walk in His Ways, Ark of the Covenant, Mighty Men, Within and Without Kings, Top of the Mountain, In All His Glory* and *Ivory, Apes and Peacocks*; songs called *The Children of Men, It Shall Come to Pass, The Little Hills* and *Consider the Lilies*; two movies called *Queen of Sheba* and one called *Understanding Heart*. There's still plenty of virgin territory for you to explore, if you have nothing better to do. No fair ringing in *King Solomon's Mines*.

•

Have Li'l Abner-type mountain-folk invaded Greenwich Village? It would seem that way from an ad appearing in *The Villager*, one of the newspapers serving G. Village. "UNWANTED HAIR REMOVED! PERMANENTLY! PRIVATELY! RAPIDLY! Latest medical method. App't only MRS. LAURA GREEN CH 2-7119."

•

More letters to Ann & Abby (courtesy McNaught and *Chicago Sun-Times* syndicates), their verbatim answers and, in italics, our male amendments:

DEAR ABBY: I am only twenty-two years old and my husband is twenty four. Last night he took a radio to bed with him to listen to the baseball game. We have been married only ten months. I am afraid my marriage is falling apart. Can you tell me what to do? AFRAID

DEAR AFRAID: Be glad your "competition" is nine men instead of one woman. Many happily married men like baseball. It doesn't mean your marriage is "falling apart." Don't whine, nag or act hurt. Just stay right in there and pitch.

Maybe the radio warms up faster than you do.

DEAR ANN LANDERS: I'm writing this letter in all seriousness. I've asked a few people, but they laugh or shrug their shoulders. When a boy kisses a girl goodnight, who should make the first move to break away — the boy or the girl? B. B.

DEAR B. B.: There is an old myth that males are more aggressive than females. The gal who wishes to preserve this illusion breaks first — and lets him chase her until she catches him.

Whoever is going to make breakfast.

DEAR ABBY: I am getting married in October. I am experienced. He is not.

Who really invented the Bacardi Party?

Northern playboys claim Southland goofs-

Last year we announced that "deep in Dixie we've uncovered a new playboy pastime—The Bacardi Party."

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So have yourself a Bacardi party. You may not have invented it, but you certainly can *discover* it. Just bear in mind the old saying: No Bacardi Party can be a Bacardi Party without *Bacardi.*

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Should I tell him? DEBATING

DEAR DEBATING: I vote no. If you are experienced and he is not, there probably will be no questions asked.

Actions speak louder than words. Don't tell him teach him

DEAR ABBY: I love my husband and I know he loves me. We have five children from the ages of two to twelve. My husband is a good provider. We've never fought over anything, but now I have a problem. He plays cards almost every night — so he says. But the men he says he plays cards with, say they don't play with him. I am very confused. Should I ask for the truth or should I try to keep our home together and be quiet? UNDECIDED

DEAR UNDECIDED: A home, in order to be "kept together," must have a sturdy foundation. Mutual honesty is the cornerstone. You'll never get rid of termites by ignoring them. Nor will you solve your problem by closing your eyes to it. Lay all your cards on the table . . . and ask your husband to do likewise. Now that he's dealt you a full house — call his bluff.

Better check the size of your pot, if any, and make sure your chips are still stacked properly, before asking for a new deal

DEAR ABBY: My friend and I get along very well but I need your help on something. Whenever she is talking to me, in order to express herself either more clearly or emphatically, she hits me on the arm. I don't think she realizes she does this. I have painful bruises after spending a few hours with her. Is there any way I can get her out of this habit without telling her outright? BRUISED

DEAR BRUISED: What's the matter with telling her outright? You can be quite loving in spite of your frankness. If she's bruising you accidentally, she'll want to know.

Next time, fetch her a shot in the head.

DEAR ANN LANDERS: I wouldn't take $500 for your column that appeared in today's paper. I never dreamed there was another woman in the world with my problem until I read the letter signed "Still White Bride." My husband treated me like a sister on our honeymoon, too. I knew something was wrong but I thought he was just shy, and time would take care of everything. After eight months of a kissless marriage I broke down and told my mother. She was shocked but said so long as Freddie

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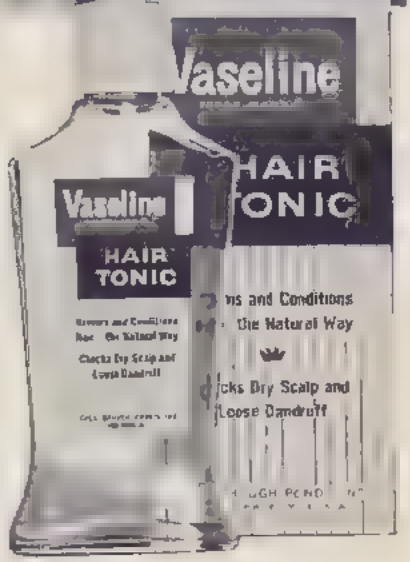

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treated me nicely I shouldn't mention it to anyone and to just make the best of it. My nerves are shot. The other night I broke a cup and went into hysterics. Freddie came in. He told me I ought to see a doctor. I told him HE ought to see a doctor. He bawled me out for thinking sex was THAT important and said I was cheap. Should I take my mother's advice? I'm sure she's afraid of a scandal that might harm the family name. In the meantime, I'm going to pieces. Please help me. SISTER-WIFE

DEAR SISTER-WIFE: Yours is no marriage. Freddie could hire a housekeeper and cook to do what you're doing. Insist that he accompany you to a marriage counselor and verbalize the problem. If he refuses, see your clergyman.

Before saying "I do," you should have made certain he did, too.

DEAR ABBY: My husband is retired and is home all day. So am I. Yesterday (at almost noon) the young married woman who has the apartment next to ours appeared at our door in nothing but her nightgown! She claimed she stepped out to get her morning paper and her door slammed shut and locked her out. My poor husband was so embarrassed he couldn't look her in the face. He went for the janitor to let her in. There are two old maids living across the hall. Why didn't she rap on THEIR door? I am so nervous thinking this may happen again. I don't want to leave my apartment. What should be done about it? NERVOUS

DEAR NERVOUS: If I were you, I'd forget about it. Your locked-out neighbor was probably just as embarrassed as your husband. Don't fret about an incident that is not likely to occur again.

The reason he didn't look her in the face had nothing to do with embarrassment. Next time this happens, do him a favor: you go for the janitor.

BOOKS

Figuring nothing succeeds like you-know-what, Alexander King has now come through with Vol. II of his miscellaneous memorabilia, ***May This House Be Safe From Tigers*** (Simon and Schuster, $4.50). For latecomers it should be noted that Mr. K is a uxorious (four wives), flamboyant (he once owned sixty-two pink ties) man-about-the-arts, who won fame and fortune in the Twenties as an illustrator of de luxe editions, dabbled in theatre (with Clare Boothe Luce) and journalism (with Harold Ross). Then

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after taking morphine for an illness, became a four-time loser at the Lexington narcotics hospital. He kicked the monkey, but meanwhile kidney trouble got him. A sardonic gent, he decided to keep death waiting while he wrote about life. His own. His second volume makes even less of a pass at shape and sequence than the first. It's aggressively anecdotal, refreshingly random, and, like that one, yeastily zestful. But it's also, unfortunately, even more self-conscious. King is determined to be an Upper-Case Character at all costs, and this shows itself in a peevish punditry which assails everything in sight from TV ("a gargantuan hoax on mankind"), to plastic containers for leftovers ("they stink"). However, these pronouncements are interspersed with many a tale, tall and otherwise, most of them diverting and some — like the account of Mother's Day at Lexington — hilarious. The result is a pungent bouillabaisse, with perhaps too many fishbones and too few filets, but tastily seasoned. It rates a place on your menu.

•

Volumes on jazz are popping up with the rapidity of a Dizzy Gillespie solo. ***The Collector's Jazz — Modern*** (Keystone, $1.65) by John S. Wilson, *New York Times* and *High Fidelity Magazine* jazz critic — wraps up the guide to jazz record collecting Wilson began in his *Traditional and Swing* book issued last spring. The two tomes provide the jazz devotee with a sprightly, selective survey of available jazz biscuits. ***The Art of Jazz*** (Oxford, $5), a collection of essays on "the nature and development of jazz" edited by Martin T. Williams (co-editor of *The Jazz Review*), is an uncommonly rewarding anthology. In assembling the volume, Williams thoughtfully omitted stereotyped blurbs in favor of serious, but not pedantic, scripting — by George Avakian, Marshall Stearns, André Hodeir and others. The subjects covered include ragtime, Sonny Terry, Jelly Roll Morton, Bix, Bessie Smith, boogie-woogie, Duke Ellington, Art Tatum, the Modern Jazz Quartet and what editor Williams terms (in his own concluding essay) "The Funky–Hard Bop Regression." For aspiring jazz music students, John Mehegan's ***Jazz Improvisation*** (Watson-Guptill, $15) is a detailed technical guide. Mehegan plots his course wisely and well. When you've flipped the last page of the spiral-bound (for easy music-stand reference) guide, you may not be ready to match wits with Oscar Peterson, but you will be able to swing in your own way.

•

You might remember the headlines a couple of years back: VICE GIRL SCHOOL MARM IN RAID. The pretty pedagogue who was not prone to argue was one Virginia McManus, and she bares all in ***Not for***

Love (Putnam, $3.95), a lusty, aptly-titled biographical romp through the groves of academe as well as the groves of Hilton-Sheraton-Statler hotels. First nabbed when she innocently visited a callgirl friend-of-a-friend, Ginnie soon discovered that phone and light bills were easier to pay when you knocked down a couple of hundred a day with a minimum of effort and a maximum of chandelier-gazing comfort. She slipped into this routine — while still holding down teaching chores in Chicago and Brooklyn — and soon became the ΦBK of the trade. Caught by the cops again, she landed back in prison for a three-month stretch and found time for a little sober reflection while studying the perverse and imaginative sex life of the inmates. Miss McManus writes of her scarlet crotchets with a bland detachment that leaves nothing to the imagination. Never does she try to excuse herself, but nowhere does she make her motivation clear in the face of her obviously high intelligence, which at least should have warned her what she was getting into. What she is doing at present and where she is going are left up in the air. But Virginia has lived enough in her twenty-six years to provide the reader with a fascinating armchair journey through a sordid but gripping chronicle.

RECORDINGS

At last summer's Monterey Jazz Festival a bewildered reporter told alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman, "Sometimes I don't understand your music." Coleman's reply: "Sometimes I don't understand it either." John Lewis has termed Coleman's playing "an extension of Charlie Parker." Lewis' bass-playing cohort in the Modern Jazz Quartet, Percy Heath, heard Coleman and said, "It's a really new approach." Composer Gunther Schuller has noted that the self-taught Coleman "operates in a world uncluttered by conventional bar lines, conventional chord changes and conventional ways of blowing or fingering a saxophone." Is Coleman the new Bird? Two current LPs present his case — ***The Shape of Jazz to Come*** (Atlantic 1317) and ***Tomorrow Is the Question*** (Contemporary 3569). On both LPs he's joined by trumpeter Don Cherry; they're backed by bass man Charlie Haden and drummer Billy Higgins on the *Shape* disc, by Heath (alternating with Red Mitchell) and Shelly Manne on the *Tomorrow* LP. Coleman's lack of concern for chords eliminates the need for a pianist, it seems; at any rate, few pianists are willing to volunteer for this sort of duty. All the "compositions" — if one can use that term for his eccentric

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meandering—are Coleman's. His playing is sloppy, strident, fragmentary, never lyrical and always out of tune (his concept of pitch is unclassifiable). His individuality-at-all-cost sound resembles that of a faulty auto horn, a horse laugh and similarly grim blasts. Cherry's playing isn't so anarchical and is, at times, tolerable. As we hear it, the most musical moments on either LP belong to the reliable Mr Manne

•

The unique, sophisticated, ever-refreshing Lena Horne caresses a dozen tunes by a first-rate scripting team in **Songs by Burke and Van Heusen** (RCA Victor LSP 1895). Some are familiar jewels—*But Beautiful, Like Someone in Love, It Could Happen to You* and *Polka Dots and Moonbeams;* and several are lesser known prizes—*Just My Luck, Get Rid of Monday* and *A Friend of Yours.* Miss Horne adorns all of them with an insight into lyrics and dramatic phrasing that few warblers can muster. Vic Damone serves faultlessly in **The Game of Love** (Columbia CS 8169) and gets a flock of subtle assists from arranger Robert Smale, who wove the settings based on just one instrument per tune instead of the tiresome waves-of-strings device. On *Am I Blue,* the drummer spurs Damone On *I'll Be Around,* the guitarist chords serenely The bass man propells *Me and My Shadow* and a vibraphonist frames the singer on *Ain't Misbehavin'.* Patches of silence, glowingly effective, help mold a beautiful *But Beautiful.* The Brooklyn baritone has rarely sounded as self assured

•

The music of Igor Stravinsky at its most comprehensible and exuberant best may be found in his oft-recorded *Petrouchka.* Now, the finest recording of it we've ever heard—by far—is available; **Petrouchka** (Everest SDBR 3033) has magnificent stereo clarity and sonority (without electronic tricks) and is given a vigorous and crisp reading by Eugene Goossens and the London Symphony (without musical tricks). The result is a classic, in which the composer's inimitable mixture of wild Slavic paganism and Western, modern musicianship shine forth.

•

The playing of guitarist Charlie Byrd glows on **Byrd in the Wind** (Offbeat 3005), an LP by a group of jazzmen from Washington, D.C. Byrd plays unamplified Segovian guitar on nine of the dozen tracks (he plugs in his amp for the others), and he plays brilliantly. On four tunes (including *Cross Your Heart* and *Georgia on My Mind*), he backs his wife Ginny, who sings warmly and unpretentiously. On another quartet of tunes, he's joined by Wally Mann, flute, Richard White, oboe; and Kenny Pas

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manuck, bassoon (all from the National Symphony Orchestra) for some chamberish lacework on the likes of *Love Letters* and *Wait Till You See Her*. Pianist Charlie Schneer, tenor man Buck Hill, bassist Keter Betts and drummer Bertell Knox make the scene, too; the bassist's *Keter's Dirty Blues* is wriggling funk from kickoff to close. But it's Byrd, plucking passionately in each context, who's the one to watch.

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The Dave Brubeck Quartet - perpetual favorite of those readers casting ballots in our jazz poll — takes a trip down South in its latest disc, ***Gone with the Wind*** (Columbia 1347). The comfortingly Southern assortment of tunes includes *Georgia on My Mind*, *Swanee River*, two views of *Camptown Races*, *Ol' Man River* and *Basin Street Blues*. Pianist Brubeck and alto saxist Paul Desmond glide through these standards effortlessly, with bassist Gene Wright and drummer Joe Morello stating and sustaining the rhythm.

•

The economy of four-track tape (in terms of cash and of manual manipulation of gear) is dramatically evident in a one-reel full heaping of Beethoven's orchestral work — ninety-three minutes of it for $9.95. Titled ***Beethoven Concert*** (Vanguard VTF 1603), it includes the entire Third and Fifth symphonies plus two overtures, *Egmont* and *Coriolan*. Furthermore, to our finicky ears, the acoustics are sharper and clearer — and truer — than on two-track tape and stereo disc. Sir Adrian Boult leads the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra through these familiar repertory numbers with admirable freshness. Our only complaint: unless you flag the right spots on Side Two of the tape yourself it's a chore to locate the beginning of any but the first selection, which is the Fifth Symphony (Side One is the Third).

•

Since there's no time machine to transport us back twenty years to those halcyon days when swing was the thing and Miles, Monk and Mingus would have sounded like freaks, the next best solution is a two-LP package — ***John Hammond's Spirituals to Swing: The Legendary Carnegie Hall Concerts of 1938-9*** (Vanguard 8/93-4). Hammond, who produced the concerts, is best known for his discovery and support of key jazz figures, including Count Basie and Benny Goodman. Both Basie and BG, and a gaggle of gospel, folk and blues singers, are represented here. Splinter groups from the Count's and Benny's bands provide the best moments, with Lester Young and Charlie Christian setting the pace of the era they helped to create. Joe Turner runs off with vocal honors, hotly pursued by Big Bill Broonzy and Helen Humes. The Goodman sextet is a re-

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markable reminder of how far rhythm sections have progressed; in those days it was thunk-thunk thunk thunk — four granite beats to the bar. But for solos and audience excitement, this is a prize flash back. Recorded long before magnetic tape, it was transferred from the worn acetate discs preserved by Hammond yet the snaps, crackles and pops are at a minimum. We were most grateful for that on the Lester Young chorus of *Don't Be That Way*; it may well be the greatest he ever blew.

THEATRE

Successfully continuing a current trend toward fashioning top-notch theatre from the lives of recent politicians, in ***Fiorello!*** Jerome Weidman and George Abbott have whomped up an honest libretto that not only catches La Guardia's lovable, cantankerous, crusading personality, but makes the New York of a few decades ago – gangsters, grafters, dirty politics and all – seem like a wacky and wonderful town to live in. As biography, *Fiorello!* handsomely hits the high spots of The Little Flower's career. It is only when the plot pauses to acknowledge his first wife (played by Ellen Hanley) and the secretary who became the widower's second wife (played by Patricia Wilson), that the show even thinks of slackening a bit. But with director George Abbott cracking the whip, the harm is negligible. Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick have given both ladies some attractive ballads to sing, and Tom Bosley — an off Broadway actor playing his first on Broadway role — parlays his extraordinary resemblance to The Little Flower with a real feeling for La Guardia's infectious humor and bull dozing vitality. Pat Stanley is impish and delightful as a working girl who marries a cop. Nathaniel Frey and Howard Da Silva stalwart as the mayor's henchmen. Peter Gennaro's choreography gives a collective hot foot to the sidewalks of New York, and when Harnick's lyrics ride high on a political theme – such as graft, as in *Little Tin Box* — his satiric spoofing stops a runaway show in its tracks. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street, NYC.

•

Saul Levitt's ***The Andersonville Trial*** is a shocker of a courtroom melodrama rooted in the American past but resolved in moral issues as modern as the Nuremberg war trials. The setting is Washington, D.C., in 1865, when Confederate Captain Henry Wirz was tried for the murder of 14,000 Yankee prisoners of war who died of disease and starvation in the prison he commanded at Andersonville, Georgia. A military court found

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Wirz guilty and sentenced him to hang. Levitt can do no less, but he has achieved suspense by focusing on the inner conflict between his antagonists. Wirz (Herbert Berghof), when he takes the stand, defends himself by claiming he was following the orders of a sadistic superior officer. His attorney (Albert Dekker) asks a telling question: Can a soldier be expected to rebel against the orders of a superior merely because he does not approve of them? Obviously, the military jury, headed by General Lew (*Ben Hur*) Wallace (played by Russell Hardie), finds the question ticklish. The prosecuting Judge Advocate (George C. Scott), who knows that he can convict his man on the flood tide of postwar hysteria, prefers, instead, to attack with the revolutionary concept that even in wartime a man's highest duty is to his own inviolable conscience. On the surface Levitt's play is expert, orthodox courtroom drama — the string of witnesses shrewdly chosen for contrasting characterizations, the defense attorney who almost saves the day, the prisoner who takes the stand in a hysterical orgy of self-revelation, the weary prosecutor finally closing in for the kill. The necessary stagecraft is all there, skillfully manipulated by director José Ferrer and his cast. But the special quality of this play lies underneath the showmanship, closer to the human soul. At the Henry Miller, 124 West 43rd Street, NYC.

FILMS

We stood in line to see ***Solomon and Sheba,*** figuring it would be a fun film, but no. DeMillean in dullness, vulgarity and logic-lapses as well as in size, it's a film the late C.B. would have been proud of. The players (Gina Lollobrigida, George Sanders, Marisa Pavan, David Farrar, Finlay Currie, Yul Brynner, Yul Brynner's Wig) are all pretty flat. Gina's flatness being relieved somewhat by her mountainous topography, of which you get glimpses — or think you do — through cunningly designed gowns. Brynner alternately clenches his fists and scowls, and at a few high points does both together, to great effect. There's a good battle scene in which the Egyptian hordes, sun-dazzled by the mirror-like shields of Solomon's soldiers, go tumbling to their doom into a chasm but this comes near the end of the picture when you don't care anymore. We understand one H. Kenner was Production Assistant In Charge Of Orgy Sequence, but despite his efforts the "pagan fertility rite" (it includes a conga line) resembles an office Christmas party with the addition of bare feet and drums. Script fights Scripture throughout, Scripture

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getting rubber-hosed into a nice safe story designed to soothe modern American Protestant egalitarians, to ruffle the feathers of no anti-miscegenationists (Sheba, an African, is as white as this page) Hollywood would shrink in shock from any charge of blasphemy or anti-Semitism on its part, of course, yet it seems close to both to suggest that such swinging Old Testament poet-warrior-savant-kings as Solomon and David were the pack of platitudinous, lacklustre squares we see on the screen. The film was directed by King Vidor who also directed *War and Peace*. We didn't like that, either.

•

Next Saturday afternoon, don old duds, ring up a near-and-dear girlfriend who understands these sudden impulses, then hie yourselves to a kid-packed neighborhood bijou that's offering ***Journey to the Center of the Earth***. While you exercise your jaws on popcorn, your mind can relax, little strain on the gray matter is required to enjoy the sight of James Mason, Arlene Dahl and Pat Boone plumbing this old globe and finding scads of Jules Verne oddities: a forest of giant mushrooms, a cavern of glittering crystal, sunken Atlantis itself, man-eating dimetrodon-type dinosaurs (modern iguanas, really, photographically magnified and with simulated dimetrodon "sails" glued to their backs—but don't laugh: this time the hoary blown-up-lizard trick is done quite smartly). There's a swell subterranean earthquake and a nifty shot of our three friends being dizzily propelled up and out of an erupting volcano on a column of raging lava, and it's all in color. The kids scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream and, making things truly perfect, Boone sings just one song.

•

British screen star John Mills plays supporting actor to his ten-year-old daughter Hayley in ***Tiger Bay***, a taut thriller in the best British tradition. The tyke sees a murder and steals the murderer's gun. The murderer, Horst Buchholz, tracks her down. She meanwhile is enjoying great prestige among her fellows as the possessor of an honest-to-god firearm. By the time a police superintendent (Mills) comes on the scene, Hayley has managed to form a bizarre alliance with the murderer. She weaves a sticky network of lies, impenetrable until the last moment when, of course, the good policeman gets his man. The plot is feverish and the climax is neat. See it for shivers.

•

A banquet for lovers of small-town intrigue is ***The Bramble Bush***. Included are curried adultery, steamed seduction, mashed voyeurism, and something outside the standard bill of fare—escalloped euthanasia. Richard Burton is a young doctor seeing his best friend, Tom

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Drake, through Hodgkin's disease, an incurable affliction. Drake nobly beseeches Burton to take over his wife Barbara Rush, once she becomes a widow. Barbs and Dick undergo a lot of moral resisting back and forth until she becomes pregnant. Meanwhile, back at the bedside, nubile nurse Angie Dickinson, who wanted to share her goodies with Dr. Dick but was rejected by him, is sleeping it off with District Attorney Jack Carson. They are discovered by Henry Jones, editor of the town's weekly, who blackmails the delectable nurse into posing for salacious photos as the price for keeping his mouth shut. (If you're not following all this, speak up and we'll start over.) Dick kills Tom Jack brings Dick to trial. The jury decides Dick did it out of mercy Finally, and most mercifully of all, The End Anyway, the film should keep things going until Jerry Wald gets *Return to Peyton Place* off the stove.

DINING-DRINKING

One of the better Philadelphia stories these days concerns the success of Harry Langerman's *Luau*, a Polynesian palace nestled in suburban Narberth (Montgomery Avenue, on the route to Valley Forge). Self-appointed natives are flocking to Langerman's version of the South Pacific to sample viands and potables of other worlds, from Honolulu to Rangoon, from Papeete to Singapore, splendidly re-created by the Luau chefs. Tahitian tipples are in favor here. Among the bottoms-up incentives are the house specialty, the Bali Hai, a sweet, four-rum inning; a milder version of same, the Bali Lo; and more standard potions — the Suffering Bastard, the Pink Pussycat and the Aloha Hurricane. On the dinner side, the evening begins with Hibachi (hors d'oeuvres-like delicacies), including Rumaki (chicken livers and Tahitian chestnuts wrapped in bacon) or crab Rangoon (Malayan pastry stuffed with crab and shrimp). Entrees range from shrimp Balinese (shrimp in egg and tenderloin sauce) to Polynesian pepper steak to the Javanese Bah-Mee (an herb-flavored blend of chicken, pork and prawns). Once in a while the spell is clouded by a guest ordering a veal cutlet or chicken in the basket — they're available, too, along with the basic American bar creations — but most of the time the aura of the islands envelops those present. Special notes: on Thursdays, a barbecued suckling pig is served at a sit-down, native-style luau, on Pennsylvania Sundays, drinks are *verboten*. Hours: 5 P.M. to 2 A.M. Monday through Saturday; 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. on Sunday.

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PLAYBOY

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british agent james bond
takes a trip to chagrin with a brute, a blonde, and death

THE HILDEBRAND RARITY

a new novelette **By IAN FLEMING**

THE STING RAY WAS ABOUT SIX FEET from wing tip to wing tip and perhaps ten feet long from the blunt wedge of its nose to the end of its deadly tail. It was dark gray with that violet tinge that is so often a danger signal in the underwater world. When it rose up from the pale, golden sand and swam a little distance, it was as if a black towel were being waved through the water.

James Bond, his hands along his flanks and swimming with only a soft trudge of his fins, followed the black shadow across the wide, palm-fringed lagoon, waiting for a shot. He rarely killed fish except to eat, but there were exceptions: big moray eels and all the members of the scorpion fish family. Now he proposed to kill the sting ray because it looked so extraordinarily evil

It was ten o'clock in the morning of a day in April and the lagoon, Belle Anse near the southernmost tip of Mahé, the largest island in the Seychelles group, was glassy calm. The northwest monsoon had blown itself out months before and it would be May before the southeast monsoon brought refreshment. Now the temperature was eighty in the shade and the humidity ninety, and the enclosed water of the lagoon was near blood heat. Even the fish seemed to be sluggish. A ten-pound green parrot fish, nibbling algae from a lump of coral, paused only to roll its eyes as Bond passed overhead, and then went back to its meal. A school of fat gray chub, swimming busily, broke courteously in halt to let Bond's shadow by, and then joined up and continued on their opposite course. A chorus line of six small squids, normally as shy as birds, did not even bother to change their camouflage at his passage.

Bond trudged lazily on, keeping the sting ray just in sight. Soon it would get tired or else be reassured when Bond, the big fish on the surface, did not attack. Then it would settle onto a patch of flat sand, change its camouflage down to the palest, almost translucent gray and, with soft undulations of its wing tips, bury itself in the sand.

The reef was coming nearer and now there were outcrops of coral niggerheads and meadows of sea grass. It was like arriving in a town from open country. Everywhere the jeweled reef fish twinkled and glowed and the giant anemones of the Indian Ocean burned like flames in the shadows Colonies of spined sea eggs made sepia splashes as if someone had thrown ink against the rock and the brilliant blue and yellow feelers of langoustes quested and waved from their crevices like small dragons. Now and then, among the seaweed on the brilliant floor, there was the speckled glitter of a cowrie bigger than a golf ball — the leopard cowrie — and once Bond saw the beautiful splayed fingers of a Venus' harp. But all these things were now commonplace to him and he drove steadily on, interested in the reef only as cover through which he could get to seaward of the ray and then pursue it back toward the shore. The tactic worked and soon the black

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLAN PHILLIPS

shadow and its pursuing brown torpedo were moving back across the great blue mirror. In about twelve feet of water the ray stopped for the hundredth time. Bond stopped also, treading water softly. Cautiously he lifted his head and emptied water out of his goggles. By the time he looked again the ray had disappeared.

Bond had a Champion harpoon gun with double rubbers. The harpoon was tipped with a needle-sharp trident — a short-range weapon but the best for reef work. Bond pushed up the safety and moved slowly forward, his fins pulsing softly just below the surface so as to make no sound. He looked around him, trying to pierce the misty horizons of the great hall of the lagoon. He was looking for any big lurking shape. It would not do to have a shark or a large barracuda as witness to the kill. Fish sometimes scream when they are hurt, and even when they do not the turbulence and blood caused by a sharp struggle bring the scavengers. But there was not a living thing in sight and the sand stretched away into the smoky wings like the bare boards of a stage. Now Bond could see the faint outline on the bottom. He swam directly over it and lay motionless on the surface looking down. There was a tiny movement in the sand. Two minute fountains of sand were dancing above the nostril-like holes of the spiracles. Behind the holes was the slight swelling of the thing's body. That was the target. An inch behind the holes. Bond estimated the possible upward lash of the tail and slowly reached his gun down and pulled the trigger.

Below him the sand erupted and for an anxious moment Bond could see nothing. Then the harpoon line came taut and the ray showed, pulling away from him while its tail, in reflex aggression, lashed again and again over the body. At the base of the tail Bond could see the jagged poison spines standing up from the trunk. These were the spines that were supposed to have killed Ulysses, that Pliny said would destroy a tree In the Indian Ocean, where the sea poisons are at their most virulent, one scratch from the ray's sting would mean certain death. Cautiously, keeping the ray on a taut line, Bond trudged after the furiously wrestling fish. He swam to one side to keep the line away from the lashing tail which could easily sever it. This tail was the old slave-drivers' whip of the Indian Ocean. Today it is illegal even to possess one in the Seychelles, but they are handed down in the families for use on faithless wives and if the word goes round that this or that woman "*a cu la crapule*," the Provençal name for the sting ray, it is as good as saying that that woman will not be about again for at least a week. Now the lashes of the tail were getting weaker and Bond swam round and ahead of the ray, pulling it after him toward the shore. In the shallows the ray went limp and Bond pulled it out of the water and well up on the beach. But he still kept away from it. It was as well he did so. Suddenly, at some move from Bond and perhaps in the hope of catching its enemy unawares, the giant ray leaped clean into the air. Bond sprang aside and the ray fell on its back and lay with its white underbelly to the sun and the great ugly sickle of the mouth sucking and panting.

Bond stood and looked at the sting ray and wondered what to do next.

A short, fat white man in khaki shirt and trousers came out from under the palm trees and walked toward Bond through the scattering of sea grape and sun-dried wrack above high-water mark. When he was near enough he called out in a laughing voice, "The Old Man and the Seal Who caught who?"

Bond turned. "It *would* be the only man on the island who doesn't carry a machete. Fidele, be a good chap and call one of your men. This animal won't die and he's got my spear stuck in him."

Fidele Barbey, the youngest of the innumerable Barbeys who own nearly everything in the Seychelles, came up and stood looking down at the ray. "That's a good one. Lucky you hit the right spot or he'd have towed you over the reef and you'd have had to let go your gun. They take a hell of a time to die. But come on. I've got to get you back to Victoria. Something's come up. Something good. I'll send one of my men for the gun. Do you want the tail?"

Bond smiled. "No. But what about some *raie au beurre noir* tonight?"

"Not tonight, my friend. Come. Where are your clothes?"

On their way down the coast road in the station wagon Fidele said, "Ever hear of an American called Milton Krest? Well, apparently he owns the Krest hotels and a thing called the Krest Foundation. One thing I can tell you for sure. He owns the finest damned yacht in the Indian Ocean. Put in yesterday. The Wavekrest. Nearly two hundred tons. Hundred feet long. Everything in her from a beautiful wife down to a big transistor gramophone on gimbals so the waves won't jerk the needle. Wall-to-wall carpeting an inch deep. Air conditioned throughout. The only dry cigarettes this side of the African continent and the best after-breakfast bottle of champagne since the last time I saw Paris." Fidele Barbey laughed delightedly. "My friend, that is one hell of a bloody fine ship and if Mr. Krest is a grand slam doubled in bastards, who the hell cares?"

"Who cares anyway? What's it got to do with you — or me for that matter?"

"Just this, my friend. We are going to spend a few days sailing with Mr. Krest — and Mrs. Krest, the beautiful Mrs. Krest. I have agreed to take the ship to Chagrin — the island I have spoken to you about. It is bloody miles from here — off the African Banks, and my family have never found any use for it except for collecting boobies' eggs. It's only about three feet above sea level. I haven't been to the damned place for five years. Anyway, this man Krest wants to go there. He's collecting marine specimens, something to do with his Foundation, and there's some blasted little fish that's supposed to exist only around Chagrin island. At least Krest says the only specimen in the world came from there."

"Sounds rather fun. Where do I come in?"

"I knew you were bored and that you'd got a week before you sail, so I said that you were the local underwater ace and that you'd soon find the fish if it was there and anyway that I wouldn't go without you. Mr. Krest was willing. And that's that. I knew you'd be fooling around somewhere down the coast so I just drove along until one of the fishermen told me there was a crazy white man trying to commit suicide alone at Belle Anse and I knew that would be you."

Bond laughed. "Extraordinary the way these island people are afraid of the sea. You'd think they'd have got on terms with it by now. Damned few of the Seychellois can even swim."

"Missionaries. Don't like them taking their clothes off. And as for being afraid, don't forget you've only been here for a month. Shark, barracuda — you just haven't met a hungry one. And stone fish. Ever see a man that's stepped on a stone fish? His body bends backwards like a bow with the pain. Sometimes it's so frightful his eyes literally fall out of their sockets. They very seldom live."

Bond said unsympathetically, "They ought to wear shoes or bind their feet up when they go on the reef. They've got these fish in the Pacific and the giant clam in the bargain. It's damned silly. Everybody moans about how poor they are here although the sea's absolutely paved with fish. And there are fifty varieties of cowrie under those rocks. They could make another good living selling those round the world."

Fidele Barbey laughed boisterously. "Bond for Governor! That's the ticket. Next meeting of LegCo I'll put the idea up. You're just the man for the job — far-sighted, full of ideas, plenty of drive. Cowries! That's splendid. They'll balance the budget for the first time since the patchouli boom after the war. 'We sell sea shells from the Seychelles.' That'll be our slogan. I'll see you get

(continued on page 30)

"It seems like every time I come over here my clothes clash with your damn paintings!"

HILDEBRAND RARITY *(continued from page 28)*

the credit. You'll be Sir James in no time."

"Make more money that way than trying to grow vanilla at a loss." They continued to wrangle with lighthearted violence until the palm groves gave way to the giant sangdragon trees on the outskirts of the ramshackle capital of Mahé.

It had been nearly a month before when M. had told Bond he was sending him to the Seychelles. "Admiralty are having trouble with their new fleet base in the Maldives. Communists creeping in from Ceylon. Strikes, sabotage — the usual picture. May have to cut their losses and fall back on the Seychelles. A thousand miles farther south, but at least they look pretty secure. But they don't want to be caught again. Colonial Office says it's safe as houses. All the same I've agreed to send someone to give an independent view. When Makarios was locked up there a few years ago there were quite a few security scares. Japanese fishing boats hanging about, one or two refugee crooks from England, strong ties with France. Just go and have a good look." M. glanced out of the window at the driving March sleet. "Don't get sunstroke."

Bond's report, which concluded that the only conceivable security hazard in the Seychelles lay in the beauty and ready availability of the Seychellois, had been finished a week before and then he had nothing to do but wait for the S.S. Kampala to take him to Mombasa. He was thoroughly sick of the heat and the drooping palm trees and the plaintive crying of the terns and the interminable conversations about copra. The prospect of a change delighted him.

Bond was spending his last week in the Barbey house and after calling there to pick up their bags they drove out to the end of Long Pier and left the car in the Customs shed. The gleaming white yacht lay half a mile out in the roadstead. They took a pirogue with an outboard motor across the glassy bay and through the opening in the reef. The Wavekrest was not beautiful the breadth of beam and cluttered superstructure stunted her lines — but Bond could see at once that she was a real ship, built to cruise the world and not just the Florida Keys. She seemed deserted, but as they came alongside, two smart-looking sailors in white shorts and singlets appeared and stood by the ladder with boathooks ready to fend the shabby pirogue off the yacht's gleaming paint. They took the two bags and one of them slid back an aluminum hatch and gestured for them to go down. A breath of what seemed to Bond to be almost freezing air struck him as he went down the few steps into the lounge.

The lounge was empty. It was not a cabin. It was a room of solid richness and comfort with nothing to associate it with the interior of a ship. The windows behind the half-closed Venetian blinds were full size as were the deep armchairs round the low central table. The carpet was the deepest pile in pale blue. The walls were paneled in a silvery wood and the ceiling was off white. There was a desk with the usual writing materials and a telephone. Next to the big gramophone was a sideboard laden with drinks. Above the sideboard was what looked like an extremely good Renoir — the head and shoulders of a pretty, dark-haired girl in a black-and-white-striped blouse. The impression of a luxurious living room in a town house was completed by a large bowl of white and blue hyacinths on the central table and by the tidy range of magazines to one side of the desk.

"What did I tell you, James?"

Bond shook his head admiringly. "This is certainly the way to treat the sea — as if it damned well didn't exist." He breathed in deeply. "What a relief to get a mouthful of fresh air. I'd almost forgotten what it tastes like."

"It's the stuff outside that's fresh, feller. This is canned." Mr. Milton Krest had come quietly into the room and was standing looking at them. He was a tough, leathery man in his early fifties. He looked hard and fit and the faded blue jeans, military-cut shirt and wide leather belt suggested that he made a fetish of doing so — looking tough. The pale brown eyes in the weather-beaten face were slightly hooded and their gaze was sleepy and contemptuous. The mouth had a downward twist that might be humorous or disdainful, probably the latter, and the words he had tossed into the room, innocuous in themselves except for the patronizing "feller," had been tossed like small change to a couple of coolies. To Bond the oddest thing about Mr. Krest was his voice. It was a soft, most attractive lisping through the teeth. It was exactly the voice of the late Humphrey Bogart. Bond ran his eyes down the man from the sparse close-cropped black and gray hair, like iron filings sprinkled over the bullet head, to the tattooed eagle above a fouled anchor on the right forearm and then down to the naked leathery feet that stood nautically square on the carpet. He thought: this man likes to be thought a Hemingway hero. I'm not going to like him.

Mr. Krest came across the carpet and held out his hand. "You Bond? Glad to have you aboard, sir."

Bond was expecting the bone-crushing grip and parried it with stiffened muscles.

"Free-diving or aqualung?"

"Free, and I don't go deep. It's only a hobby."

"Whaddaya do the rest of the time?"

"Civil Servant."

Mr. Krest gave a short, barking laugh. "Civility and Servitude. You English make the best goddam butlers and valets in the world. Civil Servant you say? I reckon we're likely to get along fine. Civil Servants are just what I like to have around me."

The click of the deck hatch sliding back saved Bond's temper. Mr. Krest was swept from his mind as a naked, sunburned girl came down the steps into the saloon. No, she wasn't quite naked after all, but the pale brown satin scraps of bikini were designed to make one think she was.

"'Lo, treasure. Where have you been hiding? Long time no see. Meet Mr. Barbey and Mr. Bond, the fellers who are coming along." Mr. Krest raised a hand in the direction of the girl. "Fellers, this is Mrs. Krest. The fifth Mrs. Krest. And just in case anybody should get any ideas, she loves Mr. Krest. Don't you, treasure?"

"Oh don't be silly, Milt, you know I do," Mrs. Krest smiled prettily. "How do you do Mr. Barbey. And Mr. Bond. It's nice to have you with us. What about a drink?"

"Now just a minute, treas. Suppose you let me fix things aboard my own ship, eh?" Mr. Krest's voice was soft and pleasant.

The woman blushed. "Oh yes, Milt, of course."

"OK then, just so we know who's skipper aboard the good ship Wavekrest." The amused smile embraced them all. "Now then, Mr. Barbey. What's your first name, by the way? Fidele, eh? That's quite a name. Old Faithful," Mr. Krest chuckled bonhomously. "Well now, Fido, how's about you and me go up on the bridge and get this little old skiff moving, eh? Mebbe you better take her out into the open sea and then you can set a course and hand over to Fritz. I'm the captain. He's the mate, and there are two for the engine room and pantry. All three Germans. Only darned sailors left in Europe. And Mr. Bond. First name? James, eh. Well Jim, what say you practice a bit of that civility and servitude on Mrs. Krest. Call her Liz, by the way. Help her fix the canapes and so on for drinks before lunch. She was once a Limey too. You can swap yarns about Piccadilly Circus. OK? Move, Fido." He sprang boyishly up the steps. "Let's get the hell outa here."

When the hatch closed, Bond let out a deep breath. Mrs. Krest said apologetically, "Please don't mind his jokes. It's just his sense of humor. And he's a bit

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lance reventlow hopes to put america back in international racing

THE SCARAB FORMULA ONE

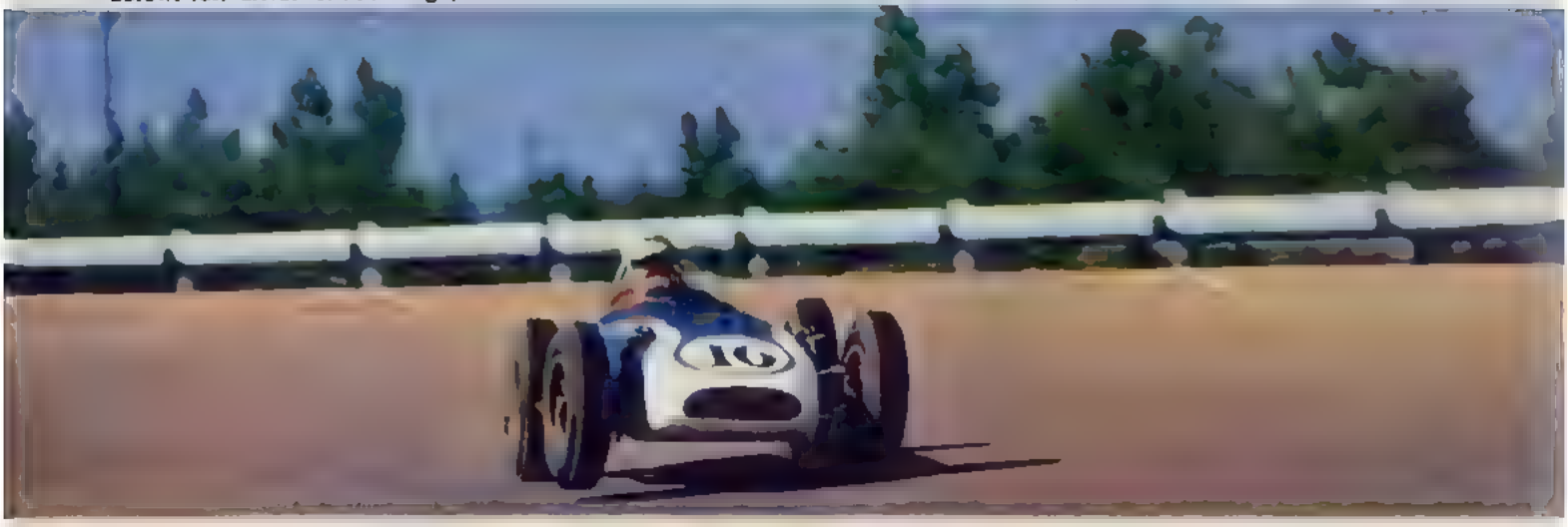
article By **HUGH CARLISLE**

SUNLIGHT ON GLEAMING METAL, the throaty high-revving cry of powerful engines, the bright sea of spectators straining forward at the drop of the starter's flag, the lifting haze of bluegray exhaust as fenderless projectilelike cars bullet for the first turn, the snaking impassive length of dark macadam ahead, waiting to be conquered by the helmeted men of speed. This is the sport of Formula One road racing as it is practiced in Europe, a colorful, swift, savage — and sometimes deadly — game played for rich stakes by seasoned professionals.

Today, in 1960, a new challenger is invading this specialized sport; for the first time in European racing history, an all-American team rolls out to the Formula One starting grid, bringing the blue and white of the United States to the great Continental circuits.

The man behind this unique team

Below: test driver Chuck Daigh, in the new GP Scarab Mk 1, discovers a fault in design as the front wheel lifts on a turn.



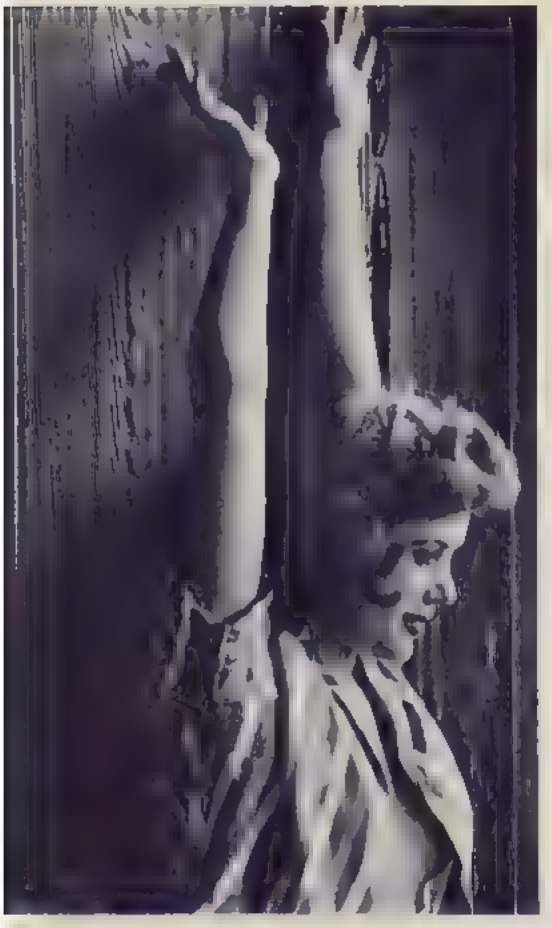
Upper left: Lance busses girlfriend Jill St. John just before the start of preliminary runs at Riverside, Cal. Upper middle: he drives the GP Scarab, before it was painted, at a previous trial run. Directly above: rarely seen in one group, three Reventlow Scarab sports cars form a picture of power in gleaming blue and white.

Above: Lance works on grooving tire, as designer Marshall Whitfield watches. After first run in his new Scarab, Lance (left) contemplates changes, is still so intent later (right) that he ignores Jill.

effort is twenty-three-year-old Lance Reventlow, creator of the fabled cat-quick Scarab sports cars which, in winning the main event in December of 1958 during Nassau's Speed Week in the Bahamas, gave this country its first important international victory in almost four decades (since Jimmy Murphy won the French Grand Prix on a Duesenberg in 1921). Now Reventlow is attempting to equal his Nassau success in the even-more-difficult Formula One category.

Road racing is represented in its purest sense in Grand Prix Formula One competition. Totally unlike sports/street machines, GP cars are more closely akin to Indianapolis racers: all four wheels are exposed, there are neither doors nor

The beauty of Jill St. John, film starlet and Lance's fiancée, shows he has an eye for fine lines in girls as well as cars.



Above: Jill maintains that daily exercise is a necessity when a girl is trying to keep up with the man who drives one of the world's fleetest racing cars.

At one time, the world of headshrinking almost gained an unmatched adornment; before she turned to acting, Jill seriously considered becoming a psychiatrist.

running lights and there is room for only the driver in the single cockpit. They differ from the Indy machines in that they are much lighter, of lower horsepower and are designed to hug a twisting road circuit rather than an oval track. Their shark-sleek wind-sculptured bodies must combine blinding speed with superb roadability—and until today no U.S. Formula One team has existed to combat the "unbeatable" *marques* of Europe: Ferrari, Vanwall, Cooper, Maserati, BRM, Aston Martin, etc.

One might well ask, how did the millionaire son of dime-store heiress Barbara Hutton get involved in the ruggedly competitive world of professional Grand Prix racing? The answer lies in Reventlow's frustrated personality. ("I wanted to prove that I could be really good in something—something money alone couldn't buy.")

Born into immense wealth (he is said to be worth upwards of $25,000,000), Lance had idled from one school to another through his youth, "aiming at nothing in particular." Prior to entering his first road race in 1955 Reventlow had engaged in several sports: he was an excellent horseman, enjoyed skindiving, skiing and polo—and had learned to fly his own plane. (An asthmatic condition kept him away from the more physically violent pursuits.)

Then, at Santa Barbara, California, late in 1955, Lance finished a distant fifteenth in his new 300 SL Mercedes, but the fever of motorized competition was upon him. ("I pretended that it was all a joke in the *(concluded on page 46)*

DETAIL FROM "STILL LIFE WITH EXOTIC FRUIT" (GAUGUIN) COURTESY NATIONAL GALLERY, OSLO

SOME ENCHANTED

EATING *delicious dishes from the south pacific*

If the cuisine of the United States is literally a melting pot of European recipes, then, by comparison, the cuisine of Polynesia is a maelstrom of memorable menus, including in its vortex plump New Zealand clams, hot Calcutta curries, beef on a bamboo stick, honeyed Cantonese duck, sukiyaki, mammoth Samoan crabs, candied banana-tree flowers and toasted coconut chips. Even food that's familiar to us, like fresh salmon, is treated in a way that triumphantly outwits traditional recipes: Hawaiian chefs massage raw salmon under water, tear it into shreds, pickle it with lime juice, flavor it with tomatoes and raw onions, and finally sprinkle it with red salt. You won't find red salt in your neighborhood shop, and you'll want to use your electric blender or chopper for shredding the fish, but the idea of pickling or "cooking" fish with lime juice is something you must try; the happy practice has traveled all the way to Sweden, where it's now used regularly in smorgasbord. Since Chinese settlers are found in most Pacific islands, should you travel there you can expect to encounter all the quickly turned specialties with semi-cooked vegetables that you find in stateside Chinese restaurants. You'll be served a gossamer egg foo yung which takes only

a few minutes on the fire. On the same menu there will appear a soup from the stock called *o-miso*. This is not a dish we recommend you add to your repertoire, since you prepare an authentic *o-miso* by cooking and pureeing soy beans, salting them, flavoring them with a seasoning known as *kozi*, and then waiting up to a month for the flavoring to develop. And if you think that's laborious, be apprised that, until modern chemical processing took over, *o-miso* took a full three years to reach a necessary maturity.

Equally intriguing are the oriental table manners which the Pacific Islanders have adopted. A waitress with a Japanese background, for instance, will bring food to the guests seated on cushions on the floor as though she were approaching her gods. When she removes the tableware, she does it lingeringly, almost regretfully. At the end she serves rice cakes. Then the diners, who are not expected to talk lest their conversation interfere with their epicurean enjoyment, suddenly begin chewing their cakes with a noise like fireworks exploding, just to let the host know they're having a good time.

A luau is simply an exotic South Pacific way of saying clambake. Meat, fowl, seafood and vegetables are placed in an earthen trench containing sizzling-hot stones. Shredded palm fronds are used instead of tarpaulin to seal in the steam until the gustibles slowly melt into heavenly tenderness. Originally, it's believed, the luau was created for the very practical reason that the Polynesian islands didn't provide the kind of clay needed for hard pottery cooking ware. Terra firma was used instead. In the old days Hawaiians prepared a luau once a week, not in the tradition of our chicken every Sunday, but simply to save themselves the labor of cooking for the remaining six days. The fact that the victuals were soon cooled off didn't offend the Hawaiians' gastronomic sense at all. Islanders still prefer food that's lukewarm, and often dip their meat or seafood from the luau into cold sea water to keep their tongues from being scorched.

When a young lady whose ancestors came from Thailand invites you to dinner, she uses a phrase which means "Come and eat rice." The Chinese, too, have a proverb, "A dinner without rice is like a beautiful girl with one eye." At many tables a dish of hot fluffy rice is placed before each guest. Then, from a large number of bowls containing an assortment of meat, poultry, fish, seafood, vegetables, fruits and condiments — all in bite-size pieces — each guest assembles his own informal meal. Remember: when you plan your own apartment luau, rice is a *sine qua non*. Be sure it's long-grained rice, cooked with a minimum of water until light and fluffy.

A number of island specialties are now available in cans. Smoked oysters, mussels or clams from Japan, toasted coconut chips and the absolute summit of perfection, Hawaiian Macadamia nuts, are all easy starters. Frozen Pacific king crabmeat is an especial convenience for men who find it difficult to obtain fresh jumbo crab lump in their own bailiwicks.

Soy sauce serves a triple purpose: it takes the place of salt, it's used for its own flavor as a seasoning ingredient and as a marinade. While the novice might be inclined to think all brands of soy sauce are alike, a little taste testing will uncover noticeable differences. Choose one that's mellow rather than acrid.

Very frequently, coconut milk appears as one of the ingredients in Polynesian cookery. This isn't the raw liquid poured from the coconut shell, but the meat of the coconut grated and soaked in warm milk or cream for several hours, until the essence of the coconut meat is taken up by the milk. The liquid is strained through cheesecloth. Since the average bachelor doesn't ordinarily carry a machete among his kitchen utensils, and since the job of opening and grating a coconut usually becomes quite an extended production, the canned shredded coconut can be used as a reasonable substitute.

Purely for the sake of local color, the coconut shell is often used as a bowl for curried foods or for the more glamorous rum drinks. Any beachcomber interested in making such a natural coconut bowl should use an extra-heavy French knife, a heavy Chinese cutting knife or a hatchet or hand ax. Open the nut by dealing it a blow at the end opposite the three eyes. If this is too savage for you, you'll be glad to learn that a hammer can open the nut effectively too — if the nut (its juice having been drained out through the punctured eyes) is first placed in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

If you happen to be near a Chinese neighborhood, or if your *lanai* is located in a West Coast city where fresh oriental fruits and vegetables are available, use fresh ginger root in place of ground ginger. Such canned foods as water chestnuts, bamboo shoots and bean sprouts usually come in small-size cans which, somehow, always seem to be too big for most recipes. Make a note that leftovers can be stashed away and are quite delicious in omelets or salads.

Here, in servings for four formidable appetites, are PLAYBOY's Polynesian dishes adapted for the electric skillet, the hibachi brazier or the chafing dish.

JAVANESE SKEWERED BEEF

2 lbs. porterhouse steak or shell steak, 1 in. thick
No. 2 can pineapple chunks
1 cup soy sauce
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 onion, minced
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 in. ginger root, minced, or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger
1 tablespoon sugar
2 tablespoons sake or dry sherry
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Remove all fat and bones from meat, and cut into squares about 1 in. across and ½ in. thick. Drain the juice from the pineapple chunks. Prepare a marinade by mixing in a deep bowl the soy sauce, mustard, onion, garlic, ginger root, sugar, sake and pepper. Place the meat in the marinade for 20 minutes — no longer. Fasten alternate pieces of meat and pineapple on skewers of metal or split bamboo. Broil over a hibachi charcoal fire or under conventional gas flame until brown on both sides.

CHICKEN MACADAMIA

3 whole chicken breasts
3½-oz. jar Macadamia nuts
2 tablespoons butter
2 beaten eggs
peanut oil or other salad oil
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 in. ginger root, minced, or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons brandy
1 medium-size onion, minced
¼ cup cold water
½ cup all-purpose flour
¼ cup cornstarch

Place Macadamia nuts in a shallow baking pan or pie plate with the butter. Bake in a moderate oven, 350°, stirring frequently, until light brown, about 15 minutes. Avoid scorching.

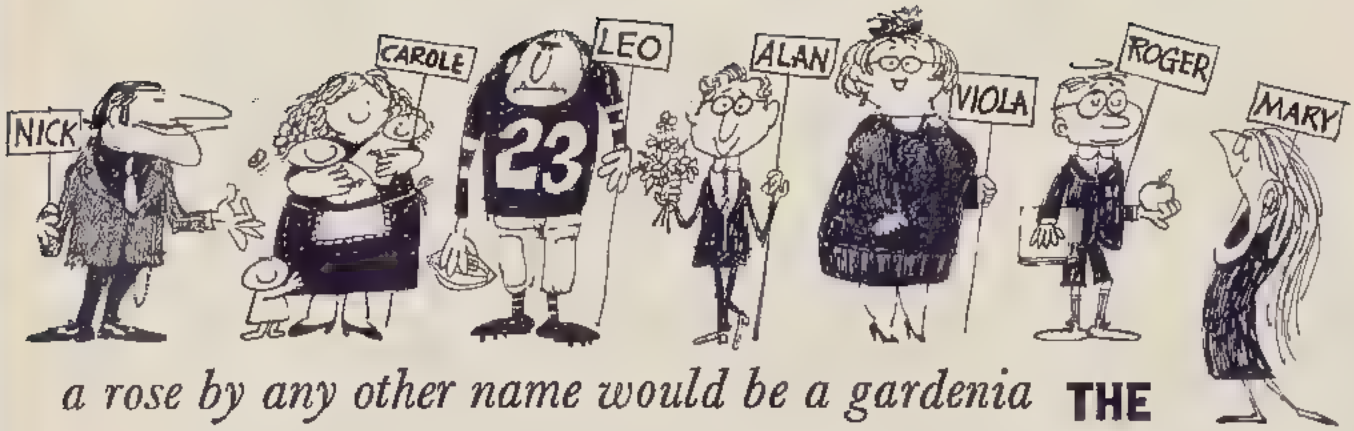
Into an electric blender or mixing machine put the eggs, 2 tablespoons peanut oil, soy sauce, ginger root, pepper, brandy, onion, water, flour and cornstarch. Blend well. Cut the chicken breasts in half lengthwise. With a cleaver or poultry shears, cut each piece in half crosswise. Soak the pieces of chicken in the batter for 20 minutes, then fry them in an electric skillet containing ¼ in. peanut oil, heated to 350°. Cook chicken until medium brown on both sides. Sprinkle Macadamia nuts over chicken on serving platter. Serve, if desired, with sweet and sour sauce.

SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE

½ medium-size green pepper, diced
½ medium-size sweet red pepper, diced
1 cup water
1 chicken bouillon cube
3 tablespoons brown sugar
1 teaspoon soy sauce
¼ teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet or brown gravy color
3 tablespoons cider vinegar
4 teaspoons cornstarch

Place green and red pepper and water

(concluded on page 80)



a rose by any other name would be a gardenia

THE ROGER PRICE THEORY OF NOMENCLATURE

WHEN I WAS IN GRADE SCHOOL back in Charleston, West Virginia, we never heard of Dr. Freud or words like "hostile" or "insecure." But we were still aware of different personality types, and we could define them merely by saying: "So-and-so is a jerk" or "So-and-so is swell" or "So-and-so is a keen first baseman."

Later, I began to think seriously about why some of us are different from others. It was right after a girl named Carlotta, the local optician's daughter, had shown a singularly clear-cut preference for a tall curly-haired athlete called Lance. I couldn't understand why she preferred him to me. I made better grades than he did and could help her with her arithmetic. I finally decided it was because of our names. He looked and acted like a *Lance*, and I was a pure *Roger*.

Since then I've worked out a whole theory about personality based on the idea that people eventually become the kind of person their names sound like they should be. My theory not only makes as much sense as any other theory about personality, but it's also more fun and easier to explain. I'll explain it.

All babies are just about the same when they're born. Until a baby is given a name it has no personality and to the casual observer not even any sex. It is nothing but a dampish, noisy lump.

But once you give the baby a name, society begins to treat it as if it had the type of personality the name implies, and the child, responding consciously and unconsciously, grows up to fit the name.

Take myself.

According to available evidence, I was once a dampish, noisy lump myself with no opinions, no attitudes and no collection of neckties. If I had never been given a name I might have grown up to become merely a larger lump. To be less hypothetical: if my parents and friends, during my formative years (from one to thirty-six) had referred to me only as "Hey, you!" it's logical to assume that I wouldn't be overly self-confident or get invited to many parties (actually I don't get invited to many parties as is, but not because I have no personality. It's because I have too much. My personality is weak, but there's a lot of it). But fortunately my parents remembered to give me a name. They called me *Roger*.

Now, in the 1920s the name Roger was identified almost exclusively with overbearing boys in comic strips and in Our Gang comedies who made the best grades in school, were teacher's pets and who wore thick eyeglasses. I don't know *how* this affected me, but I do know that at the age of nine I was wearing thick eyeglasses and, possibly because the other kids used to tease me about it ("Hey, four-eyes!"), I accepted the fact that I looked studious and eventually made the best grades in school and gave the class oration at commencement.

However, according to the Price Theory, if I had been named *Nick*, I'm sure my eyes would have been as sharp as an eagle's. I would have developed an early interest in card games, and instead of studying I would've been playing hooky, shooting marbles *for keeps* and organizing games of pitch penny in the school basement. By now, I would undoubtedly be a pit-boss in a Las Vegas gambling parlor.

If, on the other hand, my mother and father had hit upon the name *Leo*, I would have gained eight pounds within the week. At seventeen I would have been a 206-pound all-state fullback and today, after playing pro football for six years, I would have a broken nose, a trick knee and a job selling sporting equipment.

And what would have happened if they had named me *Dwight*? Who can tell?

Think about the people you know. Don't most of their names fit them? Or according to my theory, don't most of them fit their names? Can you imagine that gangly, blond fellow from Wisconsin who works in the market being called *Porfirio*? If this fellow (whose name is *Walter*, *Carl* or *Ralph*) had been named Porfirio he would have stopped growing four inches sooner and he would have had shiny black hair. He would never have owned a pair of blue jeans, he would have a natural talent for

humor **By ROGER PRICE**

doing the cha-cha-cha and the rhumba and he would have had to leave town before he graduated from high school.

To show the scientific basis for this reasoning, let me quote another far-fetched example: suppose we have a boy-lump or, technically, a baby, who is mistakenly called *Lucille* (take my word for it, stranger things have happened). Everyone calls this baby Lucille and it grows up responding to society's idea of what Lucille should be like. In one way or another this baby, at the age of eighteen, is going to have a problem. Especially when it tries to get cocktail dresses to fit properly.

Or suppose a baby were called *Stupid*. Its parents, teachers and friends all called it Stupid. As it grew older, people would unconsciously think of this child as being something less than a genius, and by the time he was twenty he would still be having trouble with the multiplication table and would consider it an accomplishment when he managed to tie his shoelaces.

To be a little more realistic, there was a boy in my class back home whose parents named him *Herschell*, which you must admit is a pretty dopey name. And Herschell was a pretty dopey kid. When you were in school wasn't there at least one dopey kid? And didn't he have a dopey name? Working backwards, the chances of a dopey kid having dopey parents are better than average, and parents who would name their son Herschell probably weren't exactly world-beaters.

Girls, even more than boys, seem to fit their names. Think of the *Marys* you know. Aren't they even-tempered, sweet and demure? *Susans* are energetic and cute. *Ritas* are troublemakers. *Clares* tend to wear tight clothes and insist that men light their cigarettes. *Lillians* tell their troubles to everyone. However, if they are called *Lil* everyone tells their troubles to *them*.

Joans wear powder blue and pearls and are the ones fellows want to marry. *Bettys* are full of good clean fun and bake cookies.

Madelines become executives in women's clubs and organize charity drives (*Louise* and *Helen* do the actual work but *Madeline* sees that it gets done). She's never happier than when wearing a hat and white gloves.

Cora has good posture and a severe hair-do. *Coras* make excellent wives for indecisive men and raise their children scientifically.

Give a girl a name like *Jane* and in no time she will be a little too heavy around the hips. She will always wear the same hair-do she wore in the eleventh grade and will be friendly rather than flirty because people expect *Janes* to be that way. If this same girl had been called *Chloe*, however, an exotic aura would surround her. She would feel a compulsion to wear blue eye-shadow, would develop a slow, undulating walk and would wear daisies at her waist.

Carols are big-boned, wholesome girls who get married young and have three children. *Arlenes* have big eyes and talk a lot. *Charlottes* like to be a pal to their men friends and wear heavy black glasses.

Gertrudes, when young, tend to have too many teeth and stringy hair, but they improve themselves. By the time they're twenty-one they're called either *Gert* or *Trudy* depending on whether the improvement has made them smart or cute.

Agathas wear pink, transparent nylon blouses and babushkas and are ten pounds underweight. *Jackies* are small, sparkly and neat. They wear ribbons in their hair and full skirts with crinoline petticoats and like to dance with tall men.

Marilyns are always on a diet and make excellent secretaries. (Note: If Miss Monroe occurs to you, I've heard that she diets frequently and you must admit she'd make an excellent secretary.)

Christine was the first girl in her class at school to bleach her hair.

Norma and *Irma* are tall and broad-shouldered and wear suits. *Norma* slouches but *Irma* doesn't. They're both good sports.

Judy has a ponytail and never gets over being the cheerleader in school. She marries a fellow who never has anything to say. *Linda* takes lessons in everything and is calculating. *Gloria* is ambitious and likes to buy drapes. *Wilma* has big feet and keeps a pet. *Evelyn* is an excellent housekeeper. *Yvonne* becomes a corespondent.

A girl called *Laura* will be delicate, or at least look delicate. There are a lot of things *Laura* simply can't eat, and no one is quite sure how long she's going to be around. She lives to be ninety-two.

Loretta is the only girl in high school who goes out with married men. She gets married as soon as she graduates. Then she starts going out with single men. *Berenice* has a nice personality and her girlfriends are always trying to fix her up with someone. Usually *Sy*.

Harriet doesn't shave her legs.

Viola goes around telling everyone she just lost twenty-two pounds, but no one can tell the difference. *Iris* has red hair and freckles and marries a dentist or a doctor. *Georgia* is the one at the party who makes the other girls mad by kissing all the husbands and dancing the rhumba "the way they do in Cuba."

Connie always takes up with men who treat her badly.

Girls whose names have tricky spellings — *Jayne*, *Teri*, *Milli*, *Marsha*, *Bette*, etc. — are special cases. These names look theatrical and the girls tend to gravitate toward the more flamboyant professions such as acting, modeling, painting. They are sometimes slightly successful. They come in assorted shapes and sizes.

But to get back to men: *Toms*, of course, are the solid citizens of the world. They're not too imaginative but are dependable and make fine husbands whose only fault is a tendency toward hyperacidity as they get older. *Tommy*, however, is an entirely different fellow. He figures the world owes him a living. He lets his hair fall over his forehead, wears sports jackets, borrows money and plays excellent tennis. His attitude toward girls (except his mother) is predatory and he eventually marries an older woman who has a little money put aside. *Tony* is the same as *Tommy*.

Jims and *Jimmies* are the ones girls want to marry.

Then there's *George*. If you name your son *George*, as soon as he gets old enough people start imposing on him. He is good-natured. He's OK. He puts on a little weight and when he's thirty-seven he marries the plain sister of a friend more or less as a favor. Later he loses a lot of money on a tip his wife's father gives him on the market.

But if the same baby is called *Sam* he becomes a *Sam*. He smiles a lot and always thinks before he says anything and speaks slowly. By the time he's twelve he knows how to fix broken toys and younger kids come to him for advice. When he grows up he becomes a pharmacist.

Although he can be counted on for small loans, *Jack* isn't like good old *George* or *Tom*. Everyone likes *Jack* but no one loves him. He's essentially lonely. He's always invited, but he's the last name you put on the list. *Jack* pals around with *Stanley*.

Lou is someone's husband — probably *Joyce's* — and has a big stomach and chews on cigars. He overtips in restaurants.

Oscars are C.P.A.s who wish they were doctors and who drop names. *Earl* is a small fellow with no chin and a deep voice who marries a big woman. *Mark* and *Woodrow* become well-liked teachers in a Midwestern college.

Hal is the same as *Jack*.

If you name your child *Albert*, chances are he'll become a scientist. However, if you start calling him *Al* he will grow up to be a salesman. *Al* is always selling something even if it's only himself. *Al* knows all the angles and can fix a traffic ticket or get you a seat on an airplane or a rate at a resort hotel.

Alan is someone else entirely. He is a well-mannered, nice-looking boy with a rosy complexion who's always sort of a disappointment to the girls who were so anxious to date him. At the age of

(concluded on page 80)

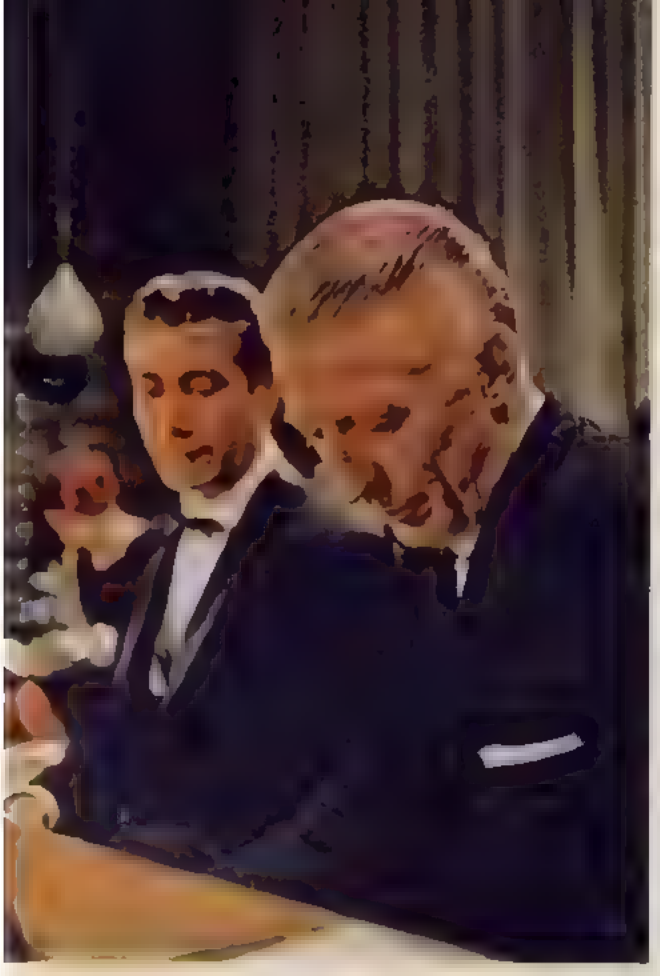
PLAYBOY'S TV PENTHOUSE

the urban men's magazine brings its fun and sophistication to television

EACH WEEKEND THIS WINTER, in a dozen cities across the country, several million viewers were invited to a sophisticated soiree in the swank surroundings of *Playboy's Penthouse*. A late-night television show, hosted by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, our *Penthouse* offered the same masculine and urbane view of the world as PLAYBOY magazine itself — there was adult conversation with writers, philosophers and show business personalities — there was hip and inside humor, the sort not often found on TV — there was good music, folk singing and jazz — and, of course, there was a bevy of beautiful women, including a number of PLAYBOY's own Playmates. What appeared to be a handsome bachelor apartment was actually an elaborate set in a TV studio of WBKB in Chicago, complete with wood-burning fireplace, fish tank and an electronic entertainment wall that included stereo hi-fi, panels that hid both television and a movie screen, and a revolving bookcase that turned into a bar. *Playboy's Theme*, music written especially for the show by Cy (*Witchcraft*) Coleman, was recorded with Cy playing piano against a full forty-piece string orchestra and became a popular jukebox hit. The very idea of a television show produced by PLAYBOY prompted controversy in some quarters, but this is exactly the kind of fresh and offbeat programing that TV needs, and *The New York Times* called it "an informal ninety minutes of smooth, low-key entertainment that gives the late viewer an opportunity to see something other than old movies." PLAYBOY produced its TV *Penthouse* as a thirteen-week promotion for the magazine, but we are so pleased with the response that we may bring the show back nationally in the fall.

Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner finds playing host in *Playboy's Penthouse* a most pleasant task, as he's literally surrounded by beautiful "guests," including Playmates Joyce Nizzari and Eleanor Bradley and several Playmate prospects as well.

Above: host Hefner enters into a discussion with poet-philosopher Carl Sandburg in one of the quieter moments in *Playboy's Penthouse*. Viewers also enjoyed a talk with Mike Todd, Jr., on Smell-O-Vision, and witnessed a remarkable demonstration of hypnotism given by Dr. Michael Dean. Right: Playmate Donna Lynn tries her skill on a Bongo Board.



Below: an informal moment in formal surroundings as guests join folk singer Pete Seeger in chorus of *Goodnight, Irene*, song he made famous.

Above: jazz stars David Allen and Stan Kenton supplied both music and a discussion of dope addiction and the creative artist; sicknik comedian Lenny Bruce displays mock horror at "severed hand" in aquarium, really a stagehand's placing stones.

Below: Lurlean Hunter gives out with a song. Others who entertained *Penthouse* guests and viewers were Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Ahmad Jamal Trio, Prof. Irwin Corey, Dick Haymes, Nat Cole, Mabel Mercer, Josh White, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.

humor **By T. K. BROWN III**

Q.E.D.

at last, a theorem that unlocks the mysteries of life's little tragedies

HOMO SAPIENS, someone has said, is the animal that asks Why. Like, Newton gets clobbered on the head and asks, "Why does the apple fall?" But this is a pretty crummy definition, if you ask me. It leaves out of account all the times when Man *doesn't* ask Why. Apples were falling for a long time before Newton; and, if anybody asked Why, the best answer he got was, "Because they do, stupid," or, "Oh, go away and leave me alone." Man may ask Why now and then, but it takes him a long time to get around to it.

For instance, there are lots of other things that always happen. When we drop a piece of buttered bread, it *always* lands butter side down. Everybody knows this. But has anybody asked Why? No. No one has undertaken to explain the immutable and inflexible laws that govern this event, and others like it. No one, that is, except me; and if I don't get the Nobel Prize for this pioneer research, there are going to be some pretty nasty repercussions in Stockholm.

Brown's Theorem states, quite simply: "If something always happens, there's a damned good reason for it." To exemplify the fields in which this principle can be, but has not hitherto been, applied, I will now cite a few instances of it in action. You will be astonished, as you read on, that the formal sciences have so totally neglected the domains where this Theorem provides such satisfactory techniques and answers.

1. *When you drop a piece of buttered bread, it always lands butter side down.* This fact is implicit in the natural period of rotation of a plane (slice of bread), heavier on one (the buttered) side than the other, as it accelerates with uniform linear velocity through a gas (air). Mathematically unsophisticated readers are referred for background material to the *Proceedings of the A.S.M.F.C.*, Vol. XLIV, pp. 613-620 (1952). Assigning the usual values, it is obvious that, whatever the variables (age of bread, thickness of butter, relative humidity, phase of moon, etc.),

$$\int_{s-\frac{1}{2}}^{t+\frac{1}{2}} \frac{1}{\sqrt{2\pi rpq}} e^{-\frac{1}{2}} \left\{ 1-\frac{1}{2}k\left(\frac{X}{D}-\frac{1}{3}\frac{X^3}{D^3}\right)\right\} e^{-\frac{1}{2}x^2/D^2}=$$

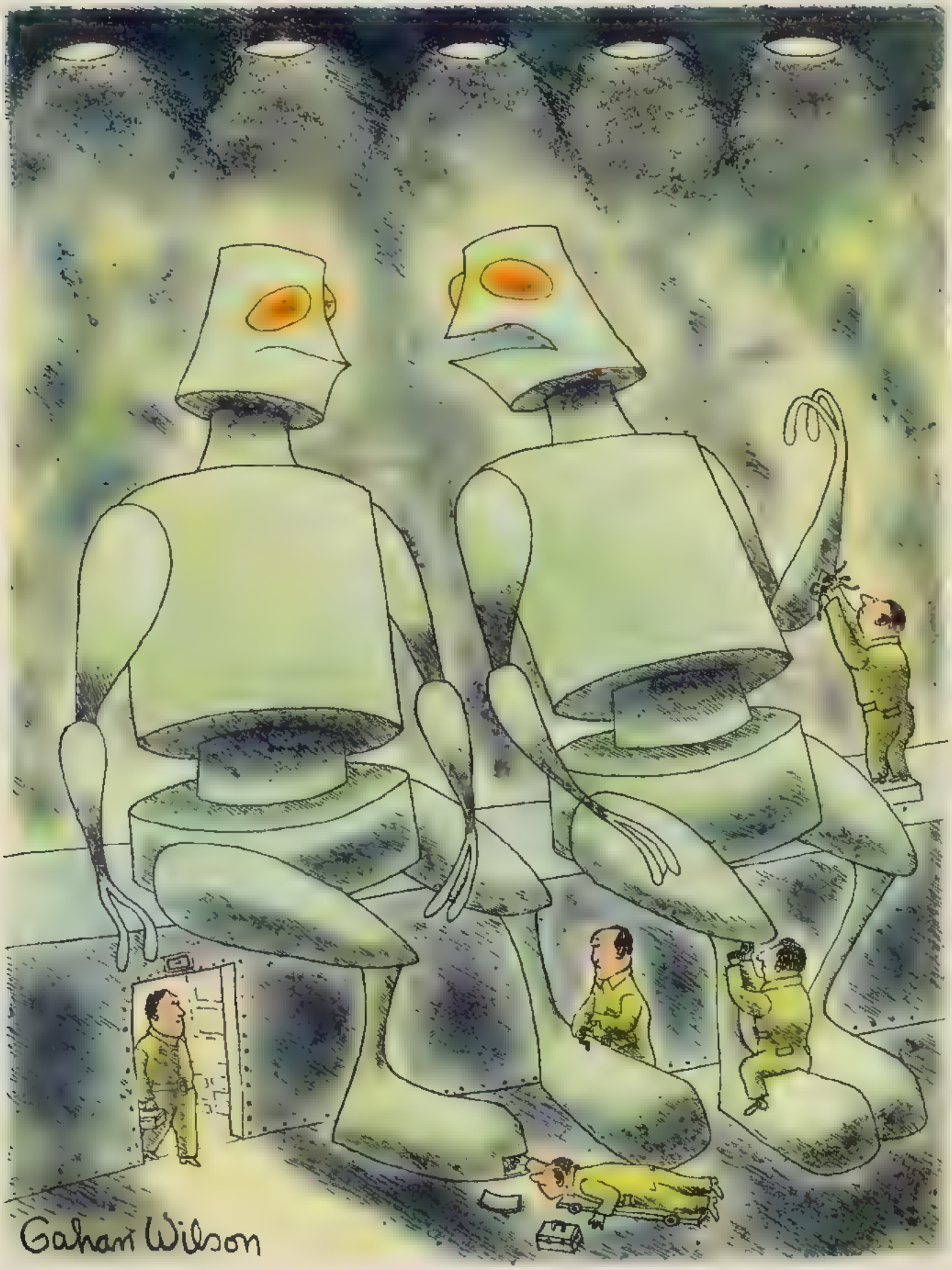
butter side down.

The constants, you see, will consistently predominate over the variables. Even if you dropped the bread out of a balloon, it would still land face down. If this reasoning still baffles some of you non-mathematicians, you'll just have to take my word for it.

2. *It always rains just after you get your car washed.* Your understanding of this phenomenon depends on an elementary knowledge of meteorology. The car, newly washed, gleams. Rays from the sun, striking its shiny surface, are radiated back into the troposphere, heating the air from beneath faster than the sun is heating it from above. The adiabatic lapse rate starts unlapsing, busting up the vertical temperature gradient; and very soon, of course, there is a temperature inversion, with warm moist air trapped in the glommopause. Any small disturbance — the honk of a horn, the shriek of a wife looking to start a fight — will supertorp the frammis and cause rain to fall. Not very long, maybe, but long enough to louse up the wash job.

3. *The phone always rings when you're in the shower.* This fact puts parapsychology, or the study of extrasensory perception, on a firm scientific footing. The phone rings because, when you're in the shower, you are thinking, "Sure as hell the phone's going to ring." This thought radiates out all over the city, like waves on a lake when you drop a pebble in, and somebody is sure to get the message. The probability that any one person would telephone at precisely that time is infinitesimal. So why does he? Because your thought got through to him and he just had to do it. It is significant that these calls are, without exception, utterly piffling, never important. Why Dr. Rhine, down there at Duke, keeps on fooling around making people guess symbols on cards, when he has all the evidence of psychokinesis that he needs right here, is beyond me.

4. *You always get dandruff when you wear an oxford gray suit.* Of course you do: oxford gray *causes* dandruff. The dyestuff used is the conversion of anthraquinone into hexahydroxylanthraquinone by the addition of six hydroxyl groups, and what this stuff does is, it ionizes the air around it. Ionized air bears an electrical charge and, as any biochemist can tell you, causes the scalp to contract in self-protection. This pops off in little flakes of dead skin, which at once drop on your *(concluded on page 101)*



"Sure, they're handy little things to have around, but you can't deny they're potentially dangerous."

SCARAB FORMULA ONE *(continued from page 35)*

beginning because I didn't want to look foolish. But it was no joke; it was the thing I'd been looking for all my life."

Lance bought a racing Cooper, frequently winning his class over the following months with the small, agile British machine. Trophies began to collect in his $400,000 house above Beverly Hills.

"But nothing came easy for me in driving," says Reventlow. "I had to think out every move and instinct almost never came to the rescue. I'd find myself spinning out on a certain corner and not know why. It was all very hard work."

An overseas trip to England's famed Snetterton circuit taught Lance that motor racing can also be very dangerous. He sideswiped another car "at something over a hundred" and his sports Maserati shot off the road, rolled end for end and landed directly on top of its stunned driver. ("I heard the fuel pump ticking away like mad above me and I thought, 'Oh, oh, this baby is going to blow and send me about forty feet into the ground like a pile driver!' but some track officials got me out OK."

By the time he'd returned to the States Lance had made an important decision: he would build his own cars, capable not only of competing with Europe's best, but of beating them. In carefully observing the European factory teams he had become convinced that it required "no special magic" to win a Grand Prix event. Talent, money and dedicated work would effect the miracle—and he was fully prepared to invest all three. His inspiration was Britain's Tony Vandervell, who had won the Manufacturer's Prize in 1958 with his green Vanwalls, bringing international honor and prestige to England. Lance set out in a calm, utterly businesslike fashion to earn the same honors for his own country.

With sports car expert Warren Olson, he formed Reventlow Automobiles, Inc. Wisely declining to place the cart before the horse, he determined to produce a winning sports car before tackling the more involved problem of a Formula One machine. Rounding up three of the nation's finest automotive talents (driver-mechanic Chuck Daigh, designers Dick Troutman and Tom Barnes), he launched Project Scarab. A student of Egyptology, Lance named his creation after the sacred beetle of resurrection and immortality.

Six months later the prototype sports machine—housing a much-modified Corvette engine under the bonnet—was ready for its maiden run at Palm Springs. With Reventlow aboard, the metallic blue and white speedster sizzled to a second overall, just behind SCCA National Champion Carroll Shelby. A new legend was born.

Lance soon added two more Scarabs to his stable and began a campaign of victories across the U.S. climaxed by a decisive sweep at Nassau in 1958.

"Then we knew it was time to move ahead," says Lance. "It was time to take the giant step."

Reventlow sold two of the Scarabs (one is currently being raced by Milwaukee's Jim Jeffords, the other by the young brewery heir, Augie Pabst). He converted the third into a de-tuned personal car for rapid highway motoring and immediately began work on the new Formula One machine. (The sports cars had cost an estimated $70,000 each; the GP cars would run much higher.)

Lance insisted that the car be made up entirely of U.S. components. These included a special four-cylinder Scarab engine, displacing two and a half liters with a projected rev limit of 10,000 rpm, which would power the new car over the road at a top speed approaching 200 miles per hour. The lightweight tube chassis (influenced by the Mercedes Grand Prix car of 1955) must be supple, yet strong enough to absorb the punishment of the rougher European circuits such as Monza and the Nürburgring. Indeed, this was a giant step in the sport of motor racing.

"All I want," Lance told his staff (which now included designer Marshall Whitfield), "is the best racing car in the world."

Seven months later, in mid-July of 1959, the GP Scarab Mk 1—the prototype—was completed and taken to the fast Riverside road circuit for test runs. Piloted by Chuck Daigh, it lapped in 2:07—or less than three seconds over the absolute course record. Since the special Formula One engine was not yet installed (a three-liter Meyer-Drake powerplant had been adapted), Reventlow was well pleased, and Chuck Daigh found the handling qualities of the Scarab "particularly satisfying."

Reventlow explains how it feels to handle a Formula One GP machine. "It's like driving a normal sports car full speed on ice," he says. "Throttle response is instantaneous in all gears. If you floor it on the straight you'll spin off as easily as most cars will in a tight corner. This kind of power can be frightening."

Actress Jill St. John, Reventlow's extremely attractive wife-to-be (they plan a marriage in the spring), refuses to think about the dangers connected with Grand Prix competition. ("If Lance wants to race, he'll race. I'm not out to change him.")

Careful design is evident in the new Scarab. Technically, the car is unusual in many respects: a four-speed Corvette gearbox—set on its side to obtain shift control at the top—is wedded to a Halibrand quick-change center section; both rear wheels are controlled by a single water-cooled disc brake; the lightweight multitube frame has double tubing for extra strength around the cockpit, literally forming a cage around the driver; the entire driveline is offset to the left to effect a lower seating position; fuel and oil lines—all aircraft type—run along the upper frame for protection and repair accessibility. (The cockpit seat is an example of the care and thought inherent in the Scarab; it was designed by a physiologist to fit Reventlow's exact contours.) The now-completed overhead-cam desmodromic valve Scarab engine is also unique. It incorporates five main bearing caps secured at the bottom and sides to distribute the crankshaft strain more evenly to the crankcase.

Covering this mechanical maze is a sleekly handsome aluminum body shell, the work of Emil Diedt, painted in traditional blue and white U.S. racing colors and bearing the crest of the sacred beetle.

A team of two of these Scarabs had been expected at Florida's Sebring Grand Prix last December, but they did not appear. One reason for their absence (and many insiders believe it to be *the* reason) concerns the inadequate starting money. Starting money is the sum paid to factories for the guaranteed appearance of their cars. By the loose rules of the system, the fastest and most popular *marques* get the most money. Reventlow, who wishes to be thought of as a driver and constructor, not as a young millionaire, felt that the publicity value of the Scarabs would be sufficiently powerful to draw large crowds; hence he is reported to have asked top dollar.

It is still too early to predict what the future holds for the Reventlow Formula One Scarabs. Based on the performance of their sports model predecessors, the new Scarabs should do quite well. Even if they simply *finish* the grueling GP events, this in itself will constitute a solid achievement—in view of the fact that most of the European teams have some three decades of experience behind them. Whatever the outcome, a new era of motorized competition has begun for America. The gauntlet is down; the challenge has been met—and Lance Reventlow's dream of today ("to drive my own car against the finest in the world and win over them all") might indeed become tomorrow's reality when the low, compact, lion-hearted Scarab roars into the arena of champions.

CLIPPED ACCENTS

accoutrements

Top row, left to right: paper clip money clip, solid 14k gold, by Merrin, $14.50. College emblem clip, antique 14k gold plated, by Sidney Rubeck, $7.50. Second row: clip of brushed sterling silver, by Destino, $8.50. Solid 14k gold nugget-finished clip with a pull-out key, by Cartier, $78. Linen-finished clip of solid 14k gold, plain end shield, by Tiffany, $59. Third row: engine-turned clip of solid 14k gold, with initial shield, by Merrin, $55. Solid 14k gold horseshoe bill clip, by Tiffany, $39. Bottom row: 18k gold-plated crown coin clip, by Sidney Rubeck, $5. 14k gold-plated engine-turned magnetic bars, by Sidney Rubeck, $7.50.

HILDEBRAND RARITY *(continued from page 30)*

contrary. He likes to see if he can rile people. It's very naughty of him. But it's really all in fun."

Bond smiled reassuringly. How often did she have to make this speech to people, try and calm the tempers of the people Mr. Krest had practiced his "sense of humor" on? He said, "I expect your husband needs a bit of knowing. Does he go on the same way back in America?"

She said without bitterness, "Only with me. He loves Americans. It's when he's abroad. You see his father was a German, a Prussian really. He's got that silly German thing of thinking Europeans and so on are decadent, that they aren't any good any more. It's no use arguing with him. It's just a thing he's got."

So that was it! The old Hun again. Always at your feet or at your throat. Sense of humor indeed! And what must this woman have to put up with, this beautiful girl he had got hold of to be his slave—his English slave? Bond said, "How long have you been married?"

"Two years. I was working as a receptionist in one of his hotels. He owns the Krest group, you know. It was wonderful. Like a fairy story. I still have to pinch myself sometimes to make sure I'm not dreaming. This for instance," she waved a hand at the luxurious room, "and he's terribly good to me. Always giving me presents. He's a very important man in America, you know. It's fun being treated like royalty wherever you go."

"It must be. He likes that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"Oh yes," there was resignation in the laugh. "There's a lot of the sultan in him. He gets quite impatient if he doesn't get proper service. He says that when one's worked very hard to get to the top of the tree one has a right to the best fruit that grows there." Mrs. Krest found she was talking too freely. She said quickly, "But really, what am I saying? Anyone would think we had known each other for years." She smiled shyly. "I suppose it's meeting someone from England. But I really must go and get some more clothes on. I was sunbathing on deck." There came a deep rumble from below deck amidships. "There. We're off. Why don't you watch us leave harbor from the afterdeck and I'll come and join you in a minute. There's so much I want to hear about London. This way." She moved past him and slid open a door. "As a matter of fact, if you're sensible, you'll stake a claim to this for the nights. There are plenty of cushions and the cabins are apt to get a bit stuffy in spite of the air conditioning."

Bond thanked her and walked out and shut the door behind him. It was a big well deck with hemp flooring and a cream-colored semicircular foam-rubber settee in the stern. Rattan chairs were scattered about and there was a serving bar in one corner. It crossed Bond's mind that Mr. Krest might be a heavy drinker. Was it his imagination, or was Mrs. Krest terrified of him? There was something painfully slavish in her attitude toward him. No doubt she had to pay heavily for her "fairy story." Bond watched the green flanks of Mahé slowly slip away astern. He guessed that their speed was about ten knots. They would soon be at North Point and heading for the open sea. Bond listened to the glutinous bubble of the exhaust and idly thought about the beautiful Mrs. Elizabeth Krest.

She could have been a model—probably had been before she became a hotel receptionist—that respectable female calling that yet has a whiff of the high demimonde about it—and she still moved her beautiful body with the unself-consciousness of someone who is used to going about with nothing, or practically nothing, on. But there was none of the chill of the model about her—it was a warm body and a friendly, confiding face. She might be thirty, certainly not more, and her prettiness, for it was not more than that, was still immature. Her best feature was the ash-blonde hair that hung heavily to the base of her neck, but she seemed pleasantly lacking in vanity about it. She didn't toss it about or fiddle with it and it occurred to Bond that she didn't in fact show any signs of coquetry. She had stood quietly, almost docilely, with her large, clear blue eyes fixed almost the whole time on her husband. There was no lipstick on her mouth and no lacquer on her fingernails or toenails and her eyebrows were natural. Did Mr. Krest perhaps order that it should be so—that she should be a Germanic child of nature? Probably. Bond shrugged his shoulders. They were certainly a curiously assorted couple—the middle-aged Hemingway character with the Bogart voice and the pretty, artless girl. And there was tension in the air—in the way she had cringed as he brought her to heel when she had offered them drinks, in the forced maleness of the man. Bond toyed idly with the notion that the man was impotent and that all the tough, rude act was nothing more than exaggerated virility-play. It certainly wasn't going to be easy to live with for four or five days. Bond watched the beautiful Silhouette Island slip away to starboard and made a vow not to lose his temper. What was that American expression? "Eating crow." It would be an interesting mental exercise for him. He would eat crow for five days and not let this damnable man interfere with what should be a good trip.

"Well, feller. Taking it easy?" Mr. Krest was standing on the boat deck looking down into the well. "What have you done with that woman I live with? Left her to do all the work, I guess. Well, and why not? That's what they're for, ain't it? Care to look over the ship? Fido's doin' a spell at the wheel and I've got time on my hands." Without waiting for an answer, Mr. Krest bent and lowered himself down into the well deck, dropping the last four feet.

"Mrs. Krest's putting on some clothes. Yes, I'd like to look over the ship."

Mr. Krest fixed Bond with his hard, disdainful stare. "'K. Well now, facts first. It's built by the Bronson Shipbuilding Corporation. I happen to own ninety percent of the stock so I got what I wanted. Designed by Rosenblatts—the top naval architects. Hundred feet long, twenty-one broad, and draws six. Two five-hundred-horsepower Superior diesels. Top speed, fourteen knots. Cruises two thousand five hundred miles at eight. Air conditioned throughout. Carrier Corporation designed two special five-ton units. Carries enough frozen food and liquor for a month. All we need *is* fresh water for the baths and showers. Right? Now let's go up front and you can see the crew's quarters and we'll work back. And one thing, Jim," Mr. Krest stamped on the deck, "this is the floor, see? And the head's the can. And if I want someone to stop doing whatever they're doing I don't shout 'belay' I shout 'hold it.' Get me, Jim?"

Bond nodded amiably. "I've got no objection. She's your ship."

"*It's* my ship," corrected Mr. Krest. "That's another bit of damned nonsense, making a hunk of steel and wood a female. Anyway, let's go. You don't need to mind your head. Everything's a six-foot-two clearance."

Bond followed Mr. Krest down the narrow passage that ran the length of the ship and for half an hour made appropriate comments on what was certainly the finest and most luxuriously designed yacht he had ever seen. In every detail, the margin was for extra comfort. Even the crew's bath and shower was full size and the stainless-steel galley, or kitchen as Mr. Krest called it, was as big as the Krest stateroom. Mr. Krest opened the door of the latter without knocking. Liz Krest was at the dressing table. "Why, treasure," said Mr. Krest in his soft voice, "I reckoned you'd be out there fixing up the drink tray. You've sure been one heck of a time dressing up. Puttin' on a little extra ritz for Jim, eh?"

"I'm sorry, Milt. I was just coming. A zipper got stuck." The girl hurriedly

(continued on page 56)

a pulchritudinous painter presents a one-woman show

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

WHEN WE SEE a damsel delightful as Sally Sarell professionally putting camel's hair to canvas, we are minded of Omar's lines, "I wonder often what the Vintners buy/One half so precious as the stuff they sell," for what can Sally create, one half so good to look upon as herself? A girl of parts (all of them lovely), Sally counts painting as the most fulfilling of many divergent interests, among which are writing, flying, knitting and judo. Our gal Sal does most of these things in the Beat Belt, Greenwich Village, though she says she's no beatnik. She is, in any event, an inviting individualist and, we trust you'll agree, a memorable Miss March.

MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

A student as well as a practitioner of art, Sally Sarell found inspiration in a visit to New York's controversial Guggenheim Museum. On arrival (left), Sally called the exterior "breathtaking," deemed the inside and its exhibits (below) equally in tune with her taste.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LOUIS CAPUCCINE

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Shed a tear for the beatnik who committed suicide, leaving this note: "Goodbye cool world."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor* as a fellow who can take women or leave them and prefers to do both.

It was the first day for Joyce, the newly hired salesgirl in the maternity shop, and a hectic day it had been. The store had been crowded from the moment its doors opened, and the girl had sped from one customer to another without stopping. Now, just as she concluded a large sale and anticipated a breathing spell, the doors opened and a fresh flood of obviously expectant ladies poured in.

"Ye gods!" the exhausted salesgirl cried in anguish. "Doesn't *anyone* do it for fun any more?"

When a girl is invited to a man's apartment to see his etchings, it's usually not a standing invitation.

Absent-minded is hardly the word for the pretty secretary who left her clothes at the office and took her boss to the cleaner.

The single-minded dedication required of those who apply themselves to the great advertising game is illustrated by the story of Harry and Joe, Mad Ave types, who met for lunch for the first time in months.

"Where," queried Harry, lifting his lunch and sipping it, "has Charlie Harris been hanging out?"

"Great guns! Haven't you heard? Charlie went to the Great Agency in the Sky."

"You're kidding!"

"Nope. He died last month."

"Good Lord. What did he have?"

"Nothing much," Joe said, reflectively. "A small toothpaste account, and a couple of department stores, but nothing worth going after."

When a smart girl travels by train, she gives the boys in the club car a wide berth.

A used-car dealer of our acquaintance informs us that, to cope with the cynical attitudes of present-day buyers, the little old lady who drove only on Sundays has been replaced in the standard sales pitch by a nymphomaniac who only used the back seat.

The trouble with being kept is that the rent is always due.

Mrs. Brown pulled Mrs. Green out of earshot of the porch, where Mrs. Green's lovely young daughter Carol sat.

"It's really none of my business," whispered Mrs. Brown, "but have you noticed what your daughter is doing?"

"Carol?" Mrs. Green responded apprehensively. "Why, no. What's she up to?"

Mrs. Brown leaned closer. "She's knitting tiny garments," she hissed.

Mrs. Green's troubled brow cleared. "Well, thank goodness," she said, smiling. "I'm glad to see she's taken an interest in something besides running around with boys."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *old age* as a time when a man sees a pretty girl and it arouses his memory instead of his hopes.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Sometimes I think I'd like to move to another city and start all over as a virgin."

picked up a compact and made for the door. She gave them both a nervous half-smile and went out.

"Vermont birch paneling, Corning glass lamps, Mexican tuft rugs. That sailing ship picture's a genuine Montague Dawson, by the way. . . ." Mr. Krest's catalog ran smoothly on. But Bond was looking at something that hung down almost out of sight by the bedside table on what was obviously Mr. Krest's side of the huge double bed. It was a thin whip about three feet long with a leather thonged handle. It was the tail of a sting ray.

Casually Bond walked over to the side of the bed and picked it up. He ran a finger down its spiny gristle. It hurt his fingers even to do that. He said, "Where did you pick that up? I was hunting one of these animals this morning."

"Bahrein. The Arabs use them on their wives." Mr. Krest chuckled easily. "Haven't had to use more than one stroke at a time on Liz so far. Wonderful results. We call it my 'Corrector.' "

Bond put the thing back. He looked hard at Mr. Krest and said, "Is that so? In the Seychelles where the creoles are pretty tough it's illegal even to own one of those, let alone use it."

Mr. Krest moved toward the door. He said indifferently, "Feller, this happens to be United States territory. Let's go get ourselves something to drink."

Mr Krest drank three double bullshots before luncheon and beer with the meal. The pale eyes darkened a little and acquired a watery glitter, but the sibilant voice remained soft and unemphatic as, with a complete monopoly of the conversation, he explained the object of the voyage. "Ya see, fellers, it's like this. In the States we have this Foundation system for the lucky guys that got plenty dough and don't happen to want to pay it into Uncle Sam's Treasury. You make a Foundation — like this one, the Krest Foundation — for charitable purposes — charitable to anyone, to kids, sick folk, the cause of science — you just give the money away to anyone or anything except yourself or your dependents and you escape tax on it. So I put a matter of ten million dollars into the Krest Foundation and since I happen to like yachting and seeing the world I built this yacht with two million of the money and told the Smithsonian, that's our big natural history institution, that I would go to any part of the world and collect specimens for them. So that makes me a scientific expedition, see? For three months of every year I have a fine holiday that costs me next to nothing!" Mr. Krest looked to his guests for applause. "Get me?"

Fidele Barbey shook his head doubtfully. "That sounds fine, Mr. Krest. But these rare specimens. They are easy to find? The Smithsonian it wants a giant panda, a sea shell. You can get hold of these things where they have failed?"

Mr. Krest slowly shook his head. He said sorrowfully, "Feller, you sure were born yesterday. Money, that's all it takes. You want a panda? You buy it from some goddam zoo that can't afford central heating for its reptile house or wants to build a new block for its tigers or something. The sea shell? You find a man that's got one and you offer him so much goddam money that even if he cries for a week he sells it to you. Sometimes you have a little trouble with governments. Some goddam animal is protected or something. All right. Give you an example. I arrive at your island yesterday. I want a black parrot from Praslin Island. I want a giant tortoise from Aldabra. I want the complete range of your local cowries and I want this fish we're after. The first two are protected by law. Last evening I pay a call on your Governor after making certain inquiries in the town. Excellency, I says, I understand you want to build a public swimming pool to teach the local kids to swim. OK. The Krest Foundation will put up the money. How much? Five thousand, ten thousand? OK so it's ten thousand. Here's my check. And I write it out there and then. Just one little thing, Excellency, I says, holding onto the check. It happens I want a specimen of this black parrot you have here and one of these Aldabra tortoises. I understand they're protected by law. Mind if I take one of each back to America for the Smithsonian? Well there's a bit of a palaver, but seeing it's the Smithsonian and seeing I've still got hold of the check, in the end we shake hands on the deal and everyone's happy. Right? Well on the way back I stop in the town to arrange with your nice Mr. Abendana, the merchant feller, to have the parrot and tortoise collected and held for me and I get to talking about the cowries. Well it so happens that this Mr. Abendana has been collecting the damn things since he was a child. He shows them to me. Beautifully kept — each one in its bit of cotton wool. Fine condition and several of those Isabella and Mappa ones I was asked particularly to watch out for. Sorry, he couldn't think of selling. They meant so much to him and so on. Crap! I just look at Mr. Abendana and I say, how much? No no. He couldn't think of it. Crap again! I take out my checkbook and write out a check for five thousand dollars and push it under his nose. He looks at it. Five thousand dollars! He can't stand it. He folds the check and puts it in his pocket and then the damn sissy breaks down and weeps! Would you believe it?" Mr. Krest opened his palms in disbelief. "Over a few goddam sea shells. So I just tell him to take it easy and I pick up the trays of sea shells and get the hell out of there before the crazy so-and-so shoots himself from remorse."

Mr. Krest sat back, well pleased with himself. "Well, whaddaya say to that fellers? Twenty-four hours in the island and I've already knocked off three-quarters of my list. Pretty smart, eh Jim?"

Bond said, "You'll probably get a medal when you get home. What about this fish?"

Mr. Krest got up from the table and rummaged in a drawer of his desk. He brought back a typewritten sheet. "Here you are." He read out: " 'Hildebrand Rarity. Caught by Professor Hildebrand of the University of the Witwatersrand in a net off Chagrin Island in the Seychelles group, April 1925.' " Mr. Krest looked up. "And then there's a lot of scientific crap. I got them to put it into plain English and here's the translation." He turned back to the paper. " 'This appears to be a unique member of the squirrel fish family. The only specimen known, named the "Hildebrand Rarity" after its discoverer, is six inches long. The color is a bright pink with black transverse stripes. The anal, ventral and dorsal fins are pink. The tail fin is black. Eyes, large and dark blue. If found, care should be taken in handling this fish because all fins are even more sharply spiked than is usual with the rest of this family. Professor Hildebrand records that he found the specimen in three feet of water on the edge of the southwestern reef.' " Mr. Krest threw the paper down on the table. "Well, there you are, fellers. We're traveling about a thousand miles at a cost of several thousand dollars to try and find a goddam six-inch fish. And two years ago the Revenue people had the gall to suggest that my Foundation was a phony!"

Liz Krest broke in eagerly, "But that's just it Milt, isn't it? It's really rather important to bring back plenty of specimens and things this time. Weren't those horrible tax people talking about disallowing the yacht and the expenses and so on for the last five years if we didn't show an outstanding scientific achievement? Wasn't that the way they put it?"

"Treasure," Mr. Krest's voice was soft as velvet. "Just supposin' you keep that flippin' trap shut about my personal affairs. Yes?" The voice was amiable, nonchalant. "You know what you just done, treas? You just earned yourself a little meeting with the Corrector this evening. That's what you've gone and done."

The girl's hand flew to her mouth. Her eyes widened. She said in a whisper,

(continued on page 92)

A GREAT VOICE STILLED

vodka in paper cups and a dying giant

fiction By SHIRLEY JACKSON

THE HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM was an island of inefficiency in the long echoing and white-painted and silenced stretches of the hospital. In the waiting room there were ashtrays and crackling wicker furniture and uneven brown wooden benches and clearly unswept corners; the business of the hospital did not go on with the intruders waiting restlessly, and with every bed in every wing of the hospital filled, it was perfectly all right with the hospital administration to see the wicker chairs and wooden benches in the waiting room empty and wasting space. Katherine Ashton, who had not wanted to come anywhere near the hospital, who had wanted to stay at home in the apartment on this dark Sunday afternoon, who had wanted to cry a little in private and then dine later in some small unobtrusive restaurant — perhaps the one where they did sweetbreads so nicely — and linger over a melancholy brandy; Katherine Ashton came into the waiting room behind her husband, saying, "I wish we hadn't come. I tell you I hate hospitals and death scenes and anyway how does anyone know he's going to die today?"

"You'd always be sorry if you hadn't come," Martin said. When he saw that the waiting room was empty, he turned back and looked hopefully up and down the hospital hall. "You think we could go upstairs right now?"

"They won't *possibly* let us upstairs. Not *possibly*."

"We got here first," Martin said reasonably. "As soon as they let anyone go upstairs, it ought to be us, because we certainly got here ahead of the rest."

"I'm going to feel like a fool," Katherine said. "Suppose he doesn't die? Suppose no one else comes?"

"Look." Martin stopped walking back and forth from the window to the door and came to stand in front of her, as though he were lecturing to one of his classes. "He's *got* to die. Here Angell is flying down from Boston. And practically the whole staff of *Dormant Review* up all night working on obituaries and remembrances and his American publisher already getting together a *Festschrift*, and the wife flying in from Majorca if they weren't able to stop her. And Weasel calling every major literary critic from here to California to get them here in time. You think the man would have the *gall* to live after that?"

"But when I tried to call the doctor ——"

"In my business," Martin said, "you've got to be in the right places at the right times. Like a salesman or something. Just by being here I get a chance to meet Angell, for instance — how long could I go, otherwise, trying to get to meet Angell? And if I swing it right *Dormant* could even ——"

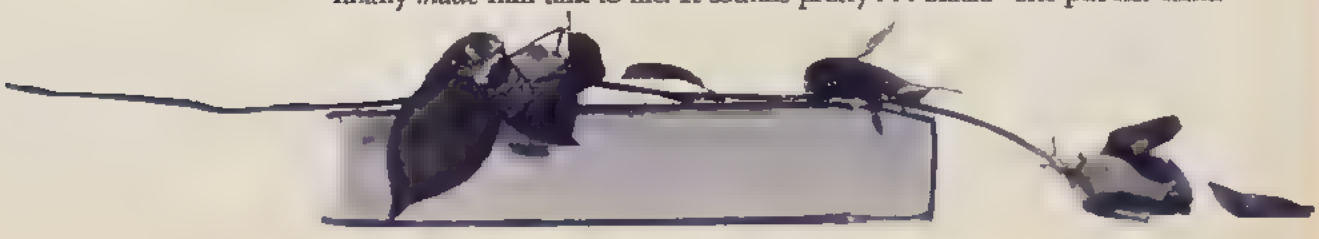
"Here's Joan," Katherine said. "She's still crying."

Martin moved swiftly to the doorway. "Joan, dear," he said. "How *is* he?"

"Not . . . very well," Joan said. "Hello, Katherine."

"Hello, Joan," Katherine said.

"I finally got hold of the doctor," Joan said. "I called and called and finally *made* him talk to me. It sounds pretty . . . black." She put her hand



across her mouth as though she wanted to stop her lips from trembling.

"A matter of hours," she said.

"My God," Martin said.

"How awful," Katherine said.

"Angell's flying down from Boston, did you hear?" Joan sat tentatively on the edge of a bench. "Anybody upstairs with him?"

"They won't let anyone go up," Katherine said.

"Maybe they're giving him a bath, or something. Or do they bother, if it's only a matter of . . ."

"I don't know," Katherine said, and Joan sobbed.

"But it's pretty certain to be today?" Martin asked, with a kind of reluctant delicacy.

"You know how doctors talk." Joan sobbed again. "They had to take me home this morning and give me a sedative, I was crying so. I haven't had any sleep or anything to eat since yesterday. I was right here all the time until they took me home this morning and gave me a sedative."

"Very touching," said Martin. "Katherine and I thought it would look better if there weren't so many people around, so we haven't come until today."

"John Weasel said he'd bring in some sandwiches and stuff later. I plan to stay right here, now, until the end."

"So do we," Martin said firmly.

"The Andersons are coming over, and probably those people he was visiting last weekend, they're probably coming down from Connecticut. And — we all thought it was so sweet — the bar, you know, the one where he had the attack, well, they're sending over flowers. We all thought it was so sweet."

"It was nice of them," Katherine said.

"I only hope Angell gets here in time. Weasel's got the Smiths and their car at the airport and he even called the police station to ask for a police escort, but of course you can't ever make *them* understand. I'm still crying so I can't stop. I haven't stopped since yesterday."

"Someone's coming," Martin said, and Joan sobbed. "Weasel," Martin said. "Weasel, dear old fellow. Any news?"

"I called the doctor. Katherine, hello. Joan, my dear, you shouldn't be here, you really *shouldn't*; you promised me you'd try and get some rest. Now I *am* cross with you."

"I'm sorry." Joan looked up tearfully. "I couldn't bear it, not being near him."

"What a *day* I've had." Weasel sighed and sat down on a bench and let his hands fall wearily. "The *police*, honestly! I told them and *told* them the light of the literary world was going *out* right here, and so could we *please* just get some kind of an escort to bring the country's foremost literary critic over from the airport to hear his last words and close his eyes and what-not, but I swear, darling, it's exactly like talking to a pack of *prairie* dogs. Calling me 'sir' and asking me who *I* was, and —" he sat up and slapped his forehead violently, "the *wife*, great Bacchus, don't *ask* me about the wife! Cables to Majorca all day yesterday and phone calls to Washington and clearance on the plane and all those cousins of hers pulling strings just simply *every*where and she's arriving with absolutely *no* baggage!"

"You mean his wife *is* coming?" Joan stared open-mouthed.

"Darling, she'll be here practically any *minute*; I kept *pleading* with the woman, I swear I did, positively *entreating* her — no place to put her up, no one free to take care of her, we're *perfectly* capable of making all arrangements this end, and she literally would not listen to a word I said. I swear that that woman would not listen to a blessed word I said. I *knew* you'd be *furious*," he said to Joan.

Joan wailed. "Naturally we'd send her the *body*."

Martin was pacing back and forth again, from the door to the window. "When will they let us go upstairs?" he demanded irritably.

Joan looked at him, surprised. "You think *you're* going upstairs?"

"We were here first," Martin said.

"But you didn't even *know* him."

"Katherine knew him exactly as well as you did," Martin said flatly. "Besides, he had dinner with us Tuesday night."

"Katherine certainly did *not* know him as well as I did," Joan said.

"He did *not* have dinner with you," Weasel said. "Not *Tuesday*. Tuesday he ——"

"I certainly did," Katherine said. "If you care for a public comparison ——"

Joan opened her mouth to interrupt, then sobbed and turned as more people came into the waiting room. "That's Philips, from *Dormant*," Martin said in Katherine's ear. "The woman *is* Martha something-or-other; she writes those nasty reviews. I don't know the other man." He went forward, so that Weasel would have to introduce him, but more people came in, and he was suddenly involved in a group, talking in lowered voices, asking one another how long it would probably take, telling one another the names of people in the room. Through and around the quiet conversations went the soft half-moan which was Joan's crying.

Katherine, unable to leave the bench where she was sitting because of the crowd around her, turned and said to a strange man sitting next to her, "Someone told me once how you could train yourself to endure physical torture without yielding."

"Could it have been Neilson?" the man asked. "He did a nice piece on torture."

"You pretend it's happening to someone else," Katherine said. "You withdraw your own mind and you just leave your body behind."

"Did you know *him*?" the man asked, gesturing. "Upstairs?"

"Yes," Katherine said. "I knew him very well."

Somebody seemed to have brought a paper milk carton full of vodka, and somebody else went into the hospital hall and came back with a stack of paper cups. Martin pushed through the crowd to bring Katherine a paper cup with vodka in it, and said, "Angell's here. He did make it. No one knows anything about the wife. The man in the blue suit by the door is Arthur B. Arthur, and the dark-haired girl next to him is that little kid he married."

Near Katherine, Weasel was explaining to someone "— stopped off in the chapel to pray. He's thinking of being converted, *anyway*, you know."

The man next to Katherine leaned over and asked her, "Who's doing the Memorial Fund?"

"Weasel, probably," she said.

"Don't *ask* me," Weasel said beside her. "Simply don't ask *me*. Any more dealings with that shrew of a wife, and I will positively be ready to die *myself*. I will simply *have* to get back to Bronxville for a long rest after all this; it's been perfectly *frightful* ever since Friday morning; I haven't been home since he had the attack, I came right down from Bronxville and I've had to stay in the Andersons' place over on the West Side and it's been just *awful*."

From the little group by the door, there was a little rustle of quick, hushed laughter.

"I want Angell to do the Memorial Fund, anyway," Weasel said. "His name always looks so much *better* on a thing like that."

Joan was crying loudly now, struggling in the arms of the tall man in the blue suit. "I want to go to him," she was shouting. Vodka from her paper cup spilled onto the floor of the hospital hall.

"There's a nurse," someone said. "They're not trying to offer her a *drink*!" someone else said. "Be *quiet*, everybody," Weasel said, struggling to get through to the doorway.

"Is he dead?" the man next to Katherine asked her, "did the nurse say he was dead?"

"About three minutes ago," someone else said. "About three minutes ago. He died."

"We missed *every*thing?" Weasel's voice rose despairingly. "Because this just *finishes* it, that's all. They promised to *call* us," he said wildly to the nurse.

(concluded on page 91)

playboy on the town in

LAS VEGAS

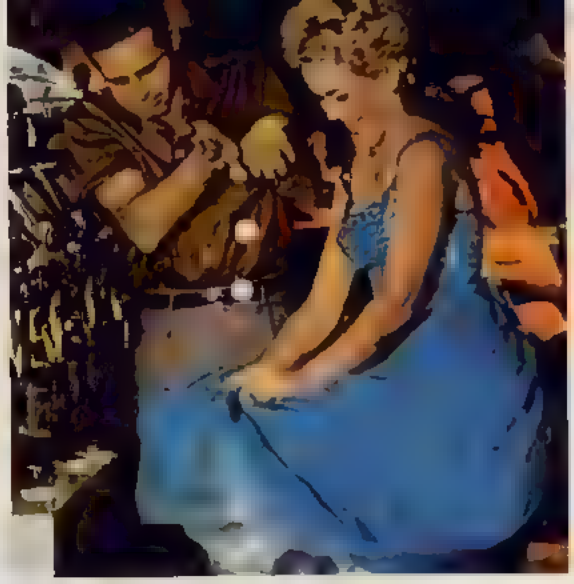
a cosmopolite's guide to the city of gambols and gamblers

SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NEVADA DESERT, surrounded by towering peaks and other natural wonders to warm the heart of a Sunday-supplement picture editor, lies the unique hamlet of Las Vegas, a frantic cluster of pleasure domes toward which no visitor has ever been known to respond with indifference. Those who dig the place speak glowingly of its incredibly lavish big-name entertainment, its Lucullan accommodations, its round-the-clock gambling, its frankly sybaritic joyousness, and even its sparkling dry climate. There is, they claim, a quality of giddy excitement about a place where all who visit are bent on fun and frolic—and on spending their hard-won or easily-come-by bankrolls like Monopoly money. No other place, the faithful will tell you, offers so much action, of every kind, at every hour.

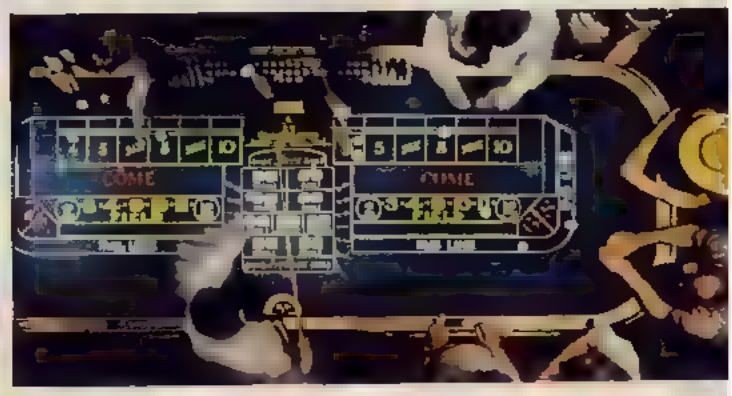
Those opposed come on as if they were talking about a different town altogether. Vegas, they aver, is coldly commercial and brutally sharp; beneath the thin veneer of fun is the hard, grasping hand of the operator to whom the pleasure-bent visitors are so many suckers to be bled to the last dime. Even the beautiful women *(continued on page 64)*

There's a certain splash to life in Las Vegas, whatever the rendezvous point. Above: the femmes outnumber their pursuers, eight to four, at a swimming party in the Dunes' pool. Below: It's all action, to the accompaniment of clicking chips, in the plush Tropicana casino. Right: the elite Gourmet Room of the Tropicana offers a respite before or after the casino betting spree.

Above: ancient brick archways, wooden wine racks and bright theatrical posters lend Continental flavor to Anjoe's superb restaurant. Though the decor is French chateauish, some of the most succulent entrées are Roman and Florentine, replete with garlic, wine, cheeses and rare seasonings. And for couples to whom food is of secondary importance, Anjoe's provides a lovers' nook. Below: the Show Room of the Sands Hotel offers nothing but top-budget packages starring such café-circuit notables as Louis Armstrong, shown gargling the blues here, and Frank Sinatra, who's a Sands stockholder to boot. Such shows, staples in Las Vegas, more often than not supply the compensatory glow of satisfaction needed by the throngs who have made it to the casino and lost.



Above: no matter how many silver dollars have been plunked into the slot, jackpot time's a thrill. Left: a couple and a system versus the roulette odds at the Stardust.



A visit to the casino is an introduction to a world of intricate and fascinating games of chance. Top: an active 21 (or blackjack) table. Middle: the ordered design of a crap table. Bottom: the where-she-stops-nobody-knows setup of the whirling ball and flying chips game—roulette.

The Tropicana Theatre Restaurant show is cinemascopic, a wall-to-wall blend of Paris and Babylon in the fashion of the *Folies-Bergère*.

in which the place admittedly abounds, say the depreciators, consort with the opposite sex for love alone — love of money.

Chances are, your own reaction will be somewhere between these extreme views. One thing is certain, though: if you've ever had a yen to explore the world's most open town, to sample a scene constructed for and devoted to one end only — pleasure, both venal and venial — Vegas is where to go to try it on for size.

"The more you bet, the less you lose when you win," is the way one beaming Nevadan describes the state of gambling in Vegas. This pleasant philosophy is just one of the privileges of life in this stretch of Clark County desert. Another is that your gambling chips are accepted in lieu of money at most shops. The chips have cash value, and if you need shaving cream or a Bromo, your friendly Las Vegas druggist will take them from you in exchange for such sundries. No wonder, then, that hordes of happy tourists seeking "fun and entertainment" come to Vegas to cavort.

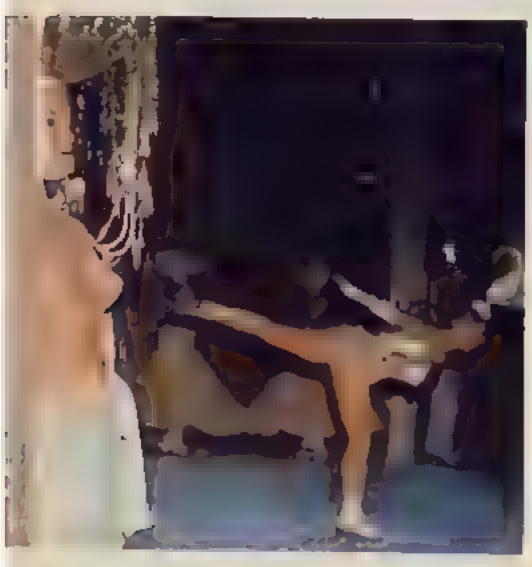
Back in 1910 Las Vegas had only 3000 souls, but since the Nevada legislature legalized gambling (in 1931), there are more than 120,000 permanent residents in Greater Las Vegas. In 1958, eight and a half million strangers moseyed through Vegas. It's a high-tension, fast-action spectacle with no time for talk or sleep, so if you're the kind of guy who gets his kicks moving at a frantic pace, Vegas is *it*.

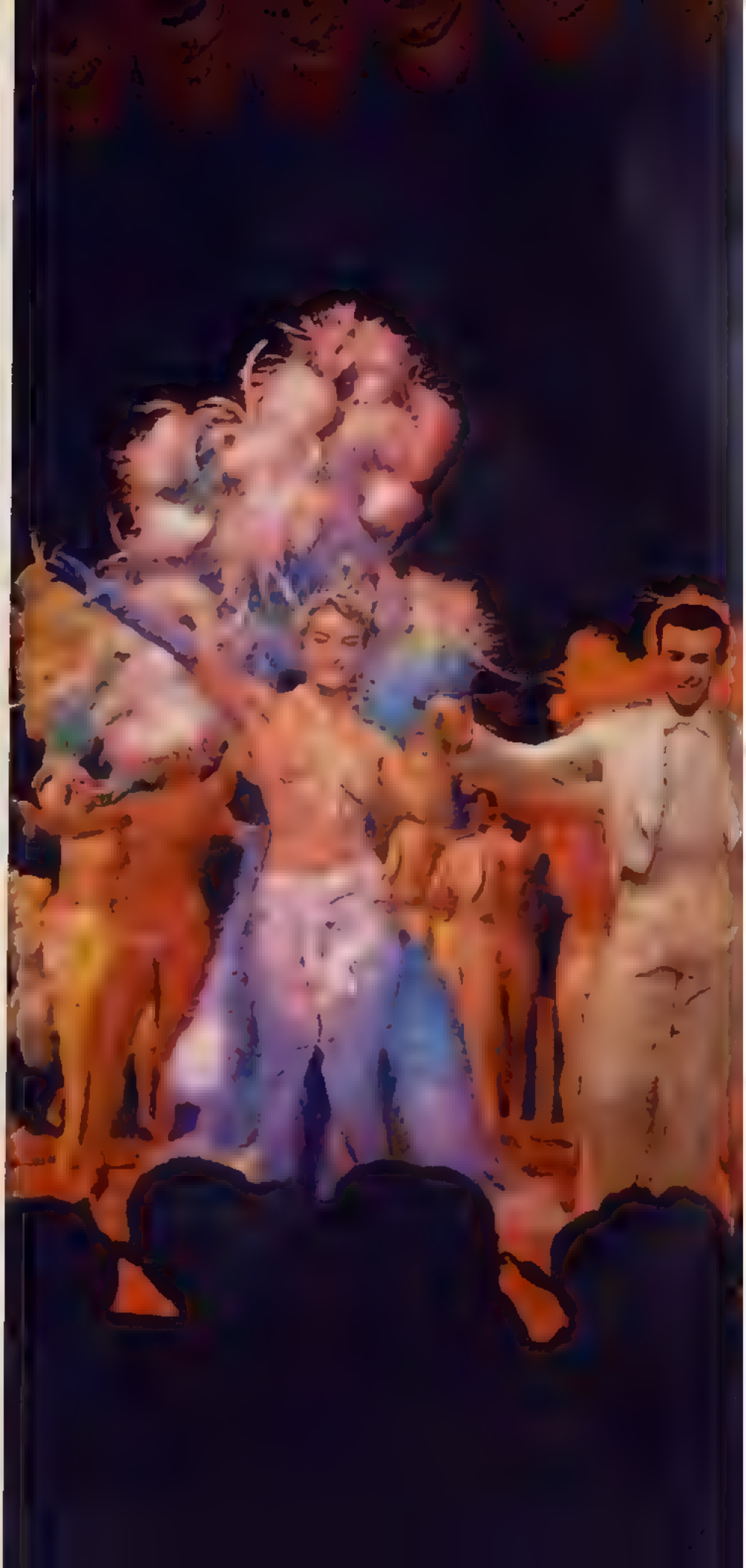
Wings are the best way to get there. Try for a landing after dark so you'll catch the neon zipper of the Strip on your way back to earth. Plane seats are in fierce demand so it's a good idea to confirm your return reservations before cabbing in from McCarran Field.

Even with 12,000 transient rooms, Vegas fills up fast, especially on weekends when crowds flock in from nearby Los Angeles (300 miles). Make up your mind way ahead where you'll stay and reserve for a specific number of days. The average visit to Vegas is only two or three days. Not many people can take the pace longer than that, and since

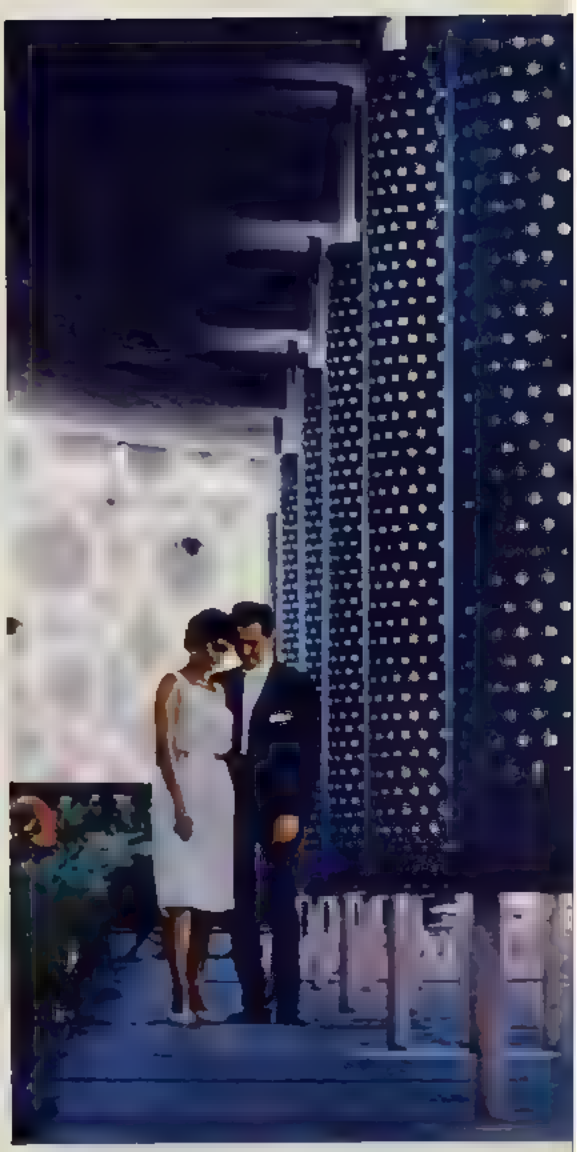
Above: the ageless jazz vibist Red Norvo brings the sounds of his group to the Sands Lounge. Below: Louis Prima and Keely Smith enliven evenings at the bustling Sahara Lounge. Right: the Lido show at the Stardust's chic Cafe Continental.

Below: Hans Brinker might blush at the Ice-cubettes, but audiences at the Thunderbird's *Ecstasy On Ice* review just sit back and dig.





Above: a gaggle of gamblers, resident and tourist, partakes of pleasures around a chemin de fer table at the Riviera. Like some of the floorshows, the game is a European import eagerly received in Vegas. Below: eagerly received, too, are the stunningly-proportioned creatures in the Minsky show at the Dunes. Although most visitors feel that the girls are enough in themselves, the Dunes tosses in a healthy helping of burlesque comedy as well.



Above: that last stroll, through the Flamingo at dawn, eases your stay to a warm close. You've sampled the casinos, the food, the shows and, of course, the women; and decided that Vegas is truly one of the must-see fun spots in the U.S.A.

no one sleeps for fear he'll miss something, time seems to last longer there. But take care — if you're the right type, Vegas can be a temptress, and guys who went for a few days are still making the rounds.

With 15 resort hotels, 38 hotels, 286 motels and a bunch of guest ranches in the area, all offering good accommodations at reasonable prices, you can't go wrong. For the record, if you write the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce they will send you a list of all these with rates, plus a schedule of current entertainments.

The first time around, most everybody wants to stay at one of the eleven big-time resort hotels on the Strip, mainly because of their elaborate shows. You might as well — they're actually cheaper than many of the motels. This so-called Strip is a five-

mile stretch of U.S. Highway 91 running south out of Las Vegas toward L.A. Back in 1940 a hotel man had a flat tire just out of Vegas and while watching the cars flash by he decided that a luxury hostelry could make it right in this sagebrushy desert. He built the first joint on the Strip, El Rancho Vegas, typically Nevadan in its design — a gambling casino with rooms attached.

El Rancho went over big. Other operators caught the glitter of silver dollars piling up and bought in. Each new resort was more fabulous (Vegas' favorite word) than the last and each claim-staker built farther out toward L.A., figuring to be the first traffic stop. The expansion fever went so wild in the early Fifties that three of the deluxers opened in one week — to the echo of Joe E. Lewis' classic Vegas gag, "I just met a man who isn't building a hotel."

McCarran Field is at the south end of the Strip, so you can pass the entire array on your way in if you get a room at the Sahara (singles from $9), which sits on the north end of the Strip.

You tip bigger in Las Vegas than anywhere else. Why? The only pieces of silver you've got in your change pocket are cart wheels. The silver dollar is used to buy everything, and you usually don't have anything smaller in your pocket, so generosity-plus is generated. Anything less than a buck to a bellhop, doorman or cocktail waitress is considered chintzy. Cab fares start at four bits, which'll take you to the nearest neighboring hotel, and nobody ever asks for change. At the showrooms — if you don't have a reservation — the captain expects an ace or two, and if the maître d'hôtel favors you with a smile and a good table, it's figured to be worth a fin. These simple gratuities are known as "tokes." Include the dealers when you're gaming. They never carry anything in their shirt pockets, 'cause that's where you drop the toke when you're winning.

"Come As You Are" are Las Vegas bywords, and they're true. You can go most anywhere in a sport shirt and slacks or even shorts, so pack your informal duds for daytime. But the trend is toward dressing in the evenings; in Las Vegas, this means you should put on a necktie and a jacket. At show openings, Vegas' big social events, you'll even see some evening dresses and dinner jackets.

• • •

The heart of any Vegas hotel is the lockless, clockless, windowless casino where the money rolls in. Many of the big joints need more than a hundred thousand dollars of play a day in order for the house percentages to cover expenses (including free liquor: all drinks while you're gaming are on the house). In 1958, total gambling revenues in Vegas amounted to $84,684,473, so you can see that the play's the thing. Or as one guy put it, "The only way you can beat Vegas is to get off the plane and walk into the propeller."

Cash, credits and table records are kept in the casino cashier's "cage," but the critical area centered behind the layouts is called, hellishly enough, the "pit." The business-suited, sharp-eyed men supervising the play and watching for dealers and players trying to cheat the house are the casino managers and pit bosses. The word is that none of the houses are anything but on the up and up, because with millions invested in a hotel and casino, even the greedy can't afford to risk losing their gaming licenses. Over the tables, through "eyes in the sky" (either one-way mirrors or closed-circuit TV), the owners and their men watch the action to see that it stays clean — and profitable.

Craps is the most popular game. The house has about 1.4 percent odds against you, depending on whether you bet the "pass" or "don't pass" line, but the sucker hard-way bets and "soft" inexperienced play of most tourists bring the odds way up in the house's favor.

Most hotels on the Strip offer only craps, blackjack, roulette, and of course slot machines (to keep the chicks occupied while the men are in action). The Stardust adds keno, chuck-a-luck, wheel of fortune, poker, faro bank and chemin de fer.

Faro bank's a card layout that got big play in pioneer days. It's a gamblers' game with bets going on every turn of a card from the dealer's box. Chemin de fer (railroad) is a deceptively simple French card game only recently enjoying a Vegas vogue. The Stardust keeps a gal who'll teach you "chemi" for free.

At blackjack the house has 4 to 5 percent on you; at roulette over 5; the slot machines vary to over 20 percent; but at faro bank the odds for an experienced player are even. Minimum bets on the Strip are $1 on craps and blackjack. A stack of twenty roulette or faro chips has no set value; they may be worth from $2 to $20 a stack or more, depending on the player's stake. The house limits are usually $500 at craps, $200 at blackjack, and in roulette $25 on a single number (35-1 payoff) or $500 on black or red (even money). All the casinos have gaming guide booklets to school the uninitiated.

A lone gambler at a table will usually be a "shill" or house player, who uses house money to stimulate action at empty tables. This low-pay gig is a favorite with divorcees, who get eight hours of vicarious gambling kicks.

• • •

The entrances to the main Vegas showrooms, which feature dinner and midnight shows (plus a 2:15 A.M. show on weekends), are always at the far end of the casinos. Each of the Strip hotels also has an entertainment lounge right off the casino, usually going strong from 6 P.M. through 6 A.M. The Sahara was the first to initiate a big-name policy in their lounge and regularly schedules the likes of Louis Prima and Keely Smith, Mel Tormé, The Mary Kaye Trio and Don Rickles into its Casbar. These lounges are *the* entertainment bargains. For the price of a drink (85¢ $1) you can catch acts which headline major clubs elsewhere. If you're checking into a hotel at night, remember that reservations are necessary for all the showrooms. The first shows start at 8:15, but you're expected to arrive by 7:30 for dinner; even if you don't dine you pay a dinner minimum. Depending on the hotel, these rooms seat from 250 to more than 700. Since everyone is served at one sitting, this means banquet-style grub. Complete dinners, including choices of seafood, fowl and meat entrees, range from $5 to $8. The tab, including cocktails, wine and tips, usually winds up between $10 and $15 per person. The showroom restaurants provide remarkable dinners and it's obvious that the hotels purchase the finest comestibles.

The problem with dinner shows is that even if *you* get there in time to finish dinner before the curtain goes up, there's always a bunch of latecomers bugging you by chomping away during the Lido spectacle or some such. Unless you're determined to crowd all the shows into a few days, the civilized route is to have dinner at one of Vegas' few good restaurants and then go on to a midnight show. At the later shows a minimum of $3 or $4 per person will cover enough firewater to last you till the lights go up. The shows last from an hour to an hour and a half.

At the Sahara you can actually get to your room and restaurant without passing a single game of chance — that may be one of the reasons it's known as Vegas' "friendly hotel." This same friendly touch, sparked by host Milton Prell, includes a call a few minutes after you've checked in, asking your preference for a drink on the house. Vegas style, the Sahara's rooms are in two-story *lanais* ranged around a swim pool. Typically, the hotel is always adding space for a few more rooms by throwing up another wing or two.

The Sahara's entertainment director, Stan Irwin, describes his no-nudes policy as "a rest between breasts." He's presented to nightclub audiences for the first time stars like Marlene Dietrich, Red Skelton, Mae West and her Musclemen, and Anna Maria Alberghetti in the hotel's Congo Room, which also stages supporting acts like the zany Goofers, whose members, dressed in ape costumes, play drums, pluck on the bass while swinging upside down on a trapeze

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fiction By BRIAN RENCELAW

THE ACTOR

all the public wants is novelty: that's showbiz

BACKSTAGE, the theatre manager was pacing restlessly. "It will never work," he said.

"It will work," the director replied.

"It's never been done," said the manager.

"That's the fifth time you've said that."

"I'll say it a sixth time—it's *never* been done!"

"Good," said the director. "All the more reason to do it, wouldn't you say?"

The manager rubbed his bald head. He forced himself to speak in moderate tones. "May I remind you," he said slowly, "that we are in this business for one purpose only? To fill the theatre."

"This will fill the theatre," said the director. "They'll love it."

"They'll hate it."

"Don't you trust me?"

The manager sensed the coming storm cloud of temperament. An angry director was no good to him. So, expansively, he said, "My dear friend!" and put an arm around the other man's shoulders. "Trust you? Where could I find another director like you, even if I searched the whole city? The whole country? My friend, believe me, I *trust* you. You're an artist. You're a professional. You're popular. You know what the public wants."

"Thank you."

"And so do I. That's why I'm a manager."

"Oh."

"I'm also a little bit older than you, young fellow," chuckled the manager. "I've seen plays come and go, audiences come and go—and I've seen directors come and go."

"Is that a threat?" snapped the director, his eyes narrowing.

"Threat?" The manager appeared dumbfounded. "Would *I* threaten? Would I threaten a great artist and a personal friend who has been a guest in my house and dined with me I don't know how many times? Threaten?" He spread his arms and rolled his eyes heavenward, as if asking for divine assistance. Then, gently, he said, "My boy. Listen. The public only *thinks* it wants something new. What it really wants is the same old thing with a little bit of a twist here and there."

"That's all I'm going to give them," said the director. "One little twist. The script will remain exactly the same. I'm not going to change a single word."

The manager only sighed, but he did it eloquently. Then he said, resignedly. "You're determined to do this thing? You're determined to ruin me?"

The director patted the older man's arm. "They'll love it," he assured him. "You'll see."

In misery, the manager whined, "A director speaking lines. A *single man* responding to the chorus! Talking back and forth to them like real-life conversation! I'll be a laughing stock!"

"Stop worrying," said the director. "It may start a whole new profession. Responder, or Speaker, or—*Actor*. Ah! I like that." And, winking at his manager, Thespis walked out into the bright sunlight of the Athenian theatre.

LAS VEGAS *(continued from page 68)*

and blow their horns while pogo-sticking. Name-band dance music used to be as hard to find in Vegas as anywhere else in the country, but recently the Sahara has been showcasing orks like Tex Beneke's, Les Brown's and Ray Anthony's. This happens in the Congo Room from 2 A.M. to 6 A.M. with no cover or minimum, and the floor's a good size for hopping around.

In contrast to the reasonably restrained Sahara is the completely wild Stardust – 1300 rooms, all on one level. On big weekends the Stardust is something out of Hieronymus Bosch. The sign alone stretches over a block in length, with a neon equator rushing around the globe, planets flashing and falling stars biting the dust. This is the world's largest resort hotel (singles from $6) stretching back in long corridors from the casino. The bellman will drive you to your room in an electric go-cart, through sections named Saturn or Mars, through the mazes of what one Vegan wit calls "that motel with elephantiasis." The least expensive rooms are way out in some other solar system, but they're all large enough, pleasantly color-schemed, comfortably furnished and near your choice of two pools. There are arcades of shops, the rooms have parking spaces at their front doors for drivers, and the Stardust casino is the mammoth of the Strip. Crowds with eager expressions muddle around the tables pushing for a place to try their luck.

Aku Aku is the high-off-the-hog eatery put together by Don the Beachcomber for the Stardust. This is new to Vegas, where restaurants other than coffee shops and showrooms are rare. The Polynesian-Hawaiian specialties are done up and brought forth quite well.

Billy Daniels is the perennially-featured performer in the Stardust Lounge. The American home of the *Lido de Paris* (*Les Girls, Les Girls, Les Girls,* PLAYBOY, October 1958) is the hotel's Cafe Continental. Showbiz people agree that this is the greatest production to hit town, and it's definitely created a trend toward spectaculars and away from headliners. *Ca C'est l'Amour* has it all, with live nudes suspended from the showroom ceiling, a 25-foot waterfall which manages to distract your attention from the fleeting nymphs and skyrockets illuminating the rape of Marie Antoinette.

The Riviera is the only *real* hotel on the Strip, with nine stories, elevators and the complete array of luxury services. This makes it a favorite with the Miami Beach crowd, with the plus value of an elegant casino. The Starlight Lounge is farther away from the casino than most, giving you a better chance to concentrate on the sounds of Lionel Hampton and Duke Ellington, who manage to spend much of the year having a ball here. The Clover Room stage is home to Peggy Lee, Harry Belafonte, Polly Bergen and Jonathan Winters. The Riviera's Hickory Room is an all-right place to beef up for the show. Entrees such as baby spare ribs ($3) or the honeymoon special—for two—prime New York extra cut sirloin steak ($11) are rotisseried with care. Steak tartare ($3.75) is a real cannibalburger.

The Broadway-Hollywood set makes it nowhere but at the Sands, of which Sinatra owns a piece. Jack Entratter presents Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., Lena Horne, Johnny Mathis and other troopers who lure the biggest-spending casino trade on the Strip. You can rub dinner jackets with Sinatra and listen to him clydin' and charleyin' while he plays the tables, winning and losing unreal thousands in the middle of crowds he calls "wall-to-wall losers."

Near the middle of the Strip stand a pair of neon-brocaded towers, which flank the Flamingo, a monument to the foresight of the late Bugsy Siegel. The hotel is now owned by the guy responsible for most of the phantasmagoria of Las Vegas, Al Parvin, decorator *extraordinaire*, high-rolling gambler and man of the Vegan world.

A line of fetching Flamingoettes embellishes the performances of Jack Benny, Dinah Shore, Vic Damone and the ructious Pearl Bailey in the Flamingo Room, while the Stage Bar swings to the music of Harry James, Glenn Miller's orchestra conducted by Ray McKinley, and the Count of Basie.

Catering to the social set and the carriage trade is the lavish, 16-million-dollar Tropicana. This resort's symbol is a 60-foot-high tulip-shaped fountain (incidentally, housing the hotel's air conditioner), surrounded by a large, shallow pool. The entrance to the Y-shaped building is mosaic-tiled, the lobby paneled in rich mahogany; luxurious tropical plants abound throughout the hotel and grounds. The rooms and suites (singles from $14) are in a choice of "French Provincial, Italian Renaissance, Far East or Drexel"; each room has a balcony with sliding glass panels.

Nestled between the building's wings is a semicircular swimming pool with scallops along the edges forming shallow spots for submerged sunbathing. There's a poolside soda fountain, as well as bar, massage rooms, steam cabinets, solaria and Finnish baths.

Señor Perez Prado and his men manage to blow players right out of their seats and back to the gaming tables from the 120-foot-long Serpentine Bar and Showcase Lounge. Other voices heard in these rooms include Shecky Greene and Jerry Colonna.

The Tropicana has a Theatre Restaurant (you shouldn't call it a nightclub) and the stage is bulging with every little thing necessary for the extravagant *Folies-Bergère*, including acts such as Parisian Honeymoon with Monsieur Choppy and his Living Models, Apache Life on the Rue Pigalle, Gizy from the Garden of Eden, and Mannequins direct from the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris. In discreetly small type the program announces *Dozens of Mademoiselles à la Nue*. It speaks eternal verity.

The most formal dinery in Vegas is the Tropicana's Celebrity Gourmet Room abounding with captains, waiters and pleasant dinner music. The napery and silver are elegant, and leisurely many-coursed gourmandising is in order. There's excellent pâté maison (75¢) or dandy clams casino ($3) for an appetizer, and the boula boula au gratin (70¢) is soup indeed. The comprehensive choice of entrees includes such classics as breast of chicken Montpensier with gnocchi ($4.25) and duckling à l'orange ($5) or médaillons Rossini ($6). The crab legs poulette ($4) are admirably sauced, and you can have petit pois Français (90¢) and soufflé potatoes (90¢). A Remy Pannier Vouvray ($6) from the Loire is pleasantly light-bodied and the B&G Chateau Mouton Rothschild ($7) is a kingly 1953 vintage Bordeaux. If you think forty minutes ahead you can top it all off with a soufflé – either chocolate, vanilla or Grand Marnier ($2 per person). By scheduling your dinner to finish by 11:30 you'll be able to make any of the midnight shows on the Strip, with a reservation. Without one, you'll have to try bribing the maitre de if you can get to him past the waiting lines.

As you zip along the Strip, you'll spot the figure of a genial genie atop Harold Minsky's harem headquarters, the Dunes. The current Sultan of Strip's (PLAYBOY, *Minsky in Vegas*, April 1958) *Life Begins at Minsky's* bares more flesh than any show in Vegas – while remaining in the best of taste. When better broads are built, Mr. M. finds them and puts them on the stage of the Arabian Room along with such stars as Pinky Lee and the West Coast's favorite ecdysiast, carrot-topped Tempest Storm. (The Dunes has three shows nightly, the only hotel that does.)

The Sinbad Lounge gives you the Ink Spots, the Nutty Novelites and also exposes you from time to time to hypnotist Traian Boyer. About to open is The Sultan's Table, a posh dining room with interior waterfalls and a system of lighting which will simulate moonbeams and starlight.

If you have much to learn about gambling it might be a good idea to

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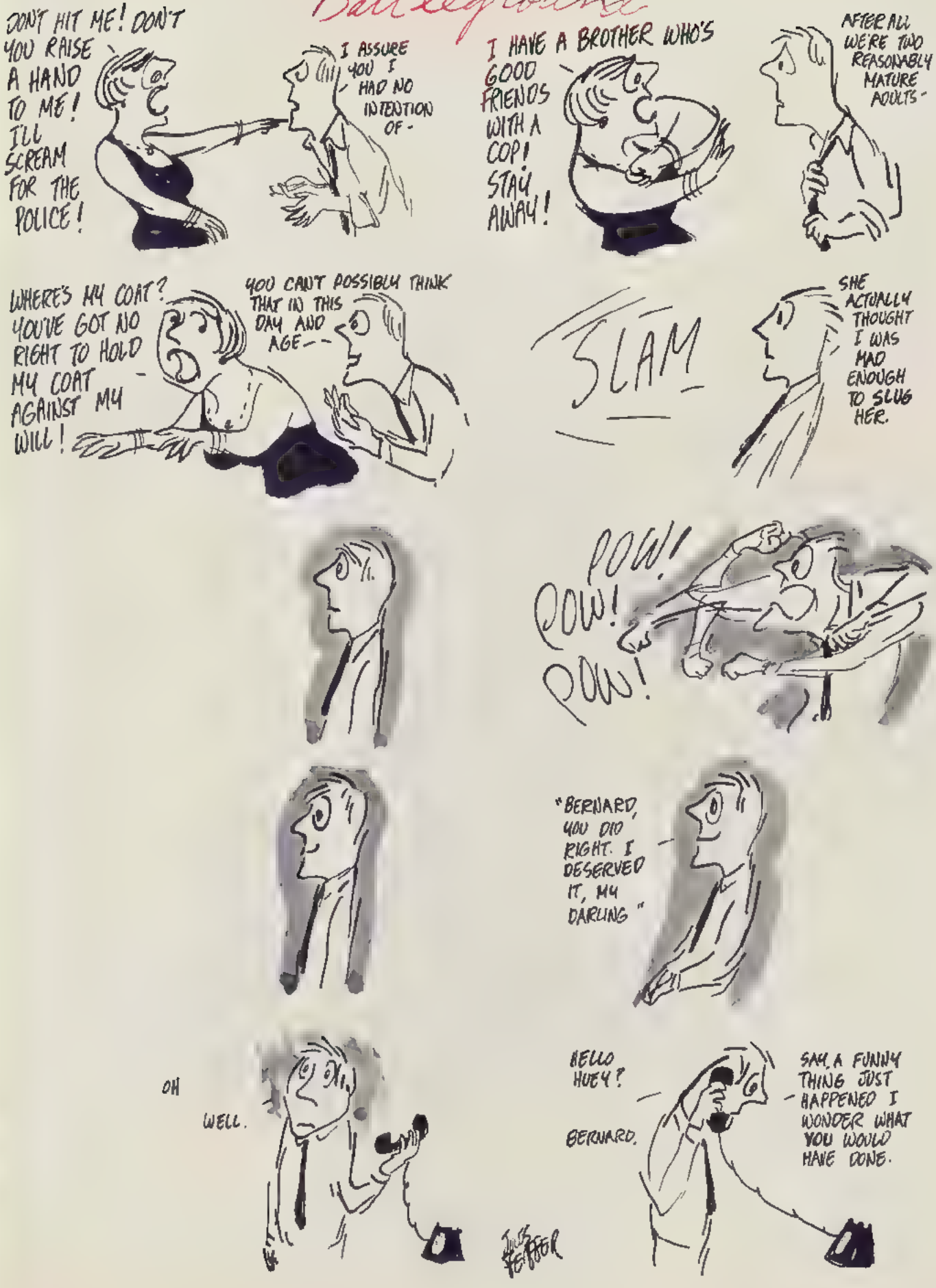
Battleground



LAS VEGAS *(continued from page 70)*

stay at the Dunes (singles from $10) and acquaint yourself with the resident Professor of Chance, Sam Landy, who doubles as Vice-President and Casino Executive. Landy, best known for such utterances as "Faint heart never won fair bankroll," lectures to groups all over the country on how to win at gambling.

The chuck wagon table is a Vegas institution dating back to the late Forties when there were no minimums or covers at any of the showrooms, accommodations went at a loss for a few bucks per night and food was practically free — all as come-ons to entice the folks into the casinos. In those days the owners only thought of themselves as gamblers; now they recognize the necessity of being professional hoteliers, and manage at least to break even on the hotel, food and bar operations. The shows are still heavily subsidized by casino revenues.

The typical chuck wagon display consists of a waiter dressed in chef's costume with a high white hat, serving from a vast choice of items including lobster in aspic, shrimp rémoulade, Danish ham, fine cheeses, salads, fried chicken, roast beef, curries, stews and all forms of vegetables, potatoes and desserts. These horns of plenty are conveniently adjacent to the casino so you can eat and run back to your wagering. You can go back as often as you like and eat as much as you can hold for prices ranging up to $2.

The Desert Inn (never — but never — referred to as anything but the "DI") is run by Vegas' best-known and most colorful host, Wilbur Clark. He's a self-made wheeler and dealer who broke into the headlines recently when he recommended that the U.S. dissolve its national debt by organizing a national lottery. To Clark, legalized gambling is a stable business guaranteed by percentages, and since it has made him a millionaire and pays most of the State of Nevada's bills, he figures it's bound to be the sure road to Uncle Sam's financial salvation.

The DI covers 272 acres and is the only Vegas resort with an 18-hole golf course and country club. Each April names like Winchell, Crosby and Hope gather here to play in the Tournament of Champions, which has raised more than $300,000 for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund to date. DI guests have club and course privileges.

Most intimate of the Strip showrooms, the DI's Painted Desert Room books Jimmy Durante, Patti Page, Tony Martin and revues like Jackie Barnett's "Playgirls," starring Dagmar, Marilyn Maxwell, Julie Wilson and Patrice Wymore.

The DI's guests include executive types, the international sports crowd and the more settled Hollywoodians. There's quite a range of rooms (rates begin at $6) from small, simple singles to gorgeous suites. The Lady Luck Bar is about the only lounge in town quiet enough for conversation.

Three floors up via the DI's elevator is the slick Sky Room, where Chuy Reyes and his finger-snapping Mexicans play for dancing under electric stars. In the summer there's an outside roof garden, a vantage point from which to watch a genuine tourist-de-force, *The Dancing Waters* — a spectacle of fountain jets, colored lights and mood music taking place by the shores of the Olympic-sized, figure-eight pool.

Ecstasy On Ice, better known as "Mammaries on the Rocks," has exposed the Thunderbird's Icecubettes to the gaze of thousands of skating fans and has earned the accolade of "sub-zero Minsky" for producer Marty Hicks, who admits to an esthetic preference for size 37s. "I've looked over a few 42s but they're just too big for the hottest thing on ice," says Marty, "and you'll notice all the nude producers keep one set of small ones on stage. That's so the gal in the audience can turn to her fella and say 'Gee, honey, look at her, I've got more than she has.' "

The T'Bird's Topaz Room is the only spot on the Strip that gives jazz a break once in a while. There are a bunch of fine young musicians around Vegas, but commercial showroom gigs are about the only things available. Still, a good musician can usually find work in Vegas. Breaking the barrier to fresh jazz sounds is Lee Deere, one of the casino bosses at the T'Bird who is friendly with a lot of the young musicians and entertainers about town.

The Last Frontier's the only gen-u-wine Western spread on the Strip. Ute Indians from New Mexico built the elaborate sandstone patios and fireplaces and the rambling timbered lodge is hung with moose, Texas longhorn and bison heads and lit by wagon-wheel chandeliers and Pony Express lanterns. The solid mahogany bar came round the Horn to the Barbary Coast, followed the Forty-Niners to the Comstock lode and was riddled with bullets during its bloody history.

In 1955 the owners decided that the Old West was not here to stay and built the futuristic New Frontier, something right out of Flash Gordon, just a couple of hundred feet down the road. The Last Frontier operates under the personal supervision of ex-movie star Preston Foster; the old bar stays open with a Gay 90ish policy and gaming, but the showroom's the Venus at the New Frontier. Lots of old-timers still rest best at the original Frontier (singles from $8 at either Last or New).

The New Frontier's impresario is Bill Miller, creator of Coney Island's Luna Park and New York's late Riviera. He is now firmly settled in what he calls "the present entertainment capital of the world." Says Miller, "You can't be in show business in Vegas unless you're on top and all of us are trying to top each other. It's like a totem pole. You stay here long enough and before you know it everybody who's anybody is getting in line."

Miller's last big hunch, now paying off in solid-gold jackpots, was a scouting trip to the Orient, where he signed Steve Parker's *Holiday in Japan* revue to play the New Frontier's Venus Room. This is an East-West mix with an all-Japanese cast, paced with a sure showman's touch and set to a driving, sensitive score. If you insist on going to the dinner show, sample the fried jumbo fantail prawns with Japanese red sauce ($6). The New Frontier lounge is called Cloud Nine and Mr. Billy Eckstine works here, as do the Dukes of Dixieland, Frances Faye and T. C. Jones, the female impersonator.

Milton Berle, Joe E. Lewis, Eartha Kitt and Lili St. Cyr, complete with bathub, all operate on the stage of El Rancho Vegas' Opera House. El Rancho is decentralized, with cottages spotted over 66 acres of lawned and landscaped desert. These have a lot of privacy and, since they have two or three bedrooms, are great if you're bringing your mob (singles from $12).

Near the airport is the Hacienda. If you'd rather conserve your cash for the gaming tables, you should be able to take advantage of the fact that the management hasn't discovered that the give-away days are over. The Hacienda owns a private plane that flies you back and forth from LA or San Francisco for what turns out to be free if you stay at the hotel.

The DC-4 has piano bar entertainment in flight, freely flowing champagne and gold-plated buckles on the seat belts. (The Dunes, by the way, also runs a courtesy flight from LA.)

The accommodations are splendid and reasonable, the pool is adequate, the manager, Dick Taylor, is a very nice young guy in a hurry, and the cocktail waitresses wear disturbingly short nighties because as Dick puts it, "We want it said that our girls are always ready for bed." The Hacienda has no showroom, but does boast an entertainment lounge with dancing and a free champagne party every night. Out back you can try your luck at driving a 160-yard hole-in-one. Success would make you the winner of a $5000 jackpot.

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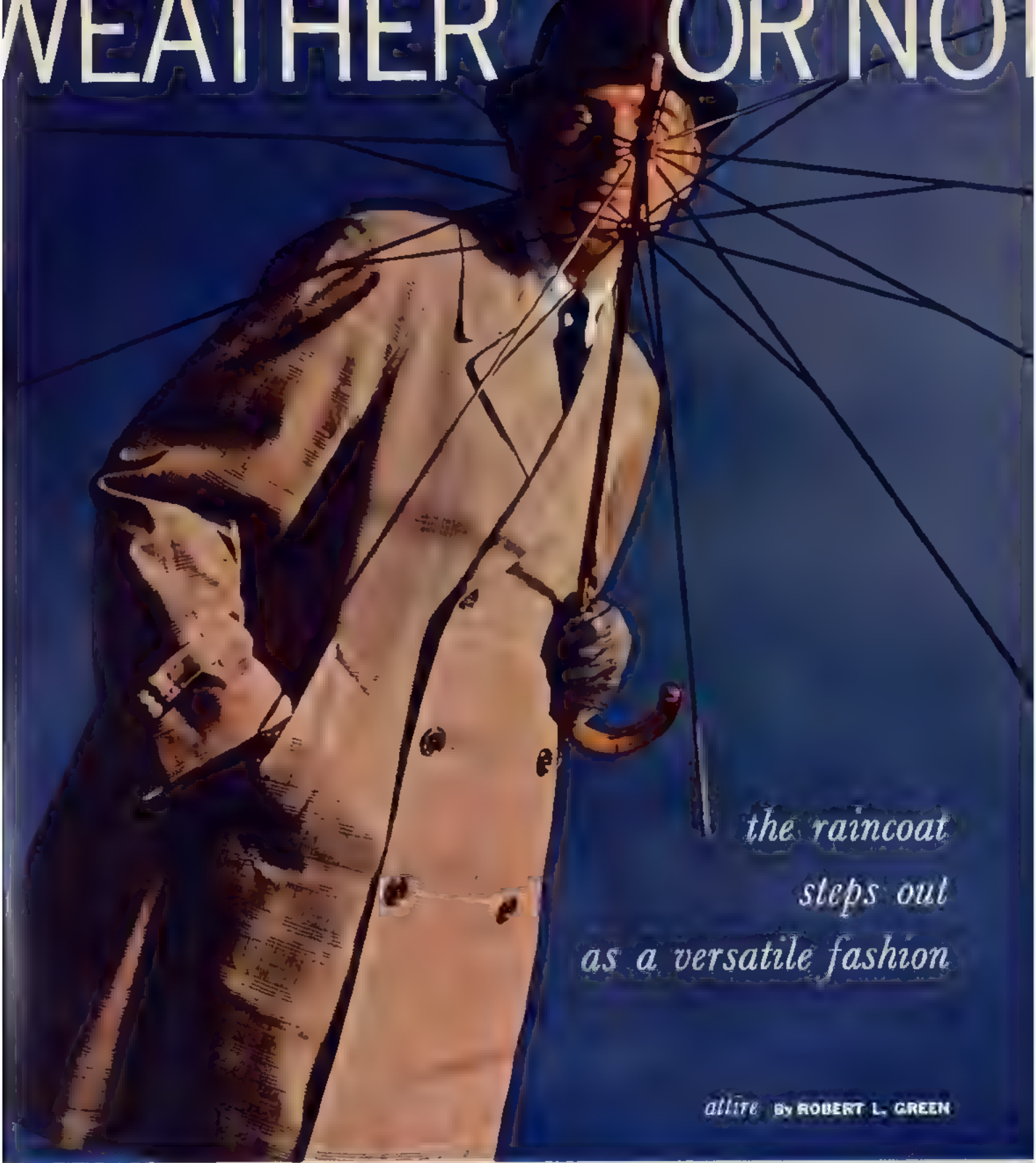

the raincoat steps out as a versatile fashion

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

A Continental double-breasted knee-length raincoat of sueded cotton in a gray glen plaid with a red overplaid, convertible collar closure, peak lapels sleeve straps, by London Fog, $39.95.

THOUGH DUG BY DUCKS and folks on the farm, rain is disdained by most people. So people counter with the raincoat. But comes the revolution (see this and the following two pages), and no longer is rain the sole *raison d'être* for the raincoat. In fact, no longer is the raincoat strictly a rain coat.

With the demise of the slicker and the wane in popularity of the trusty cotton poplin coat, raingear has turned more colorful, more commodious, more fashionable, and more suited for wear round the clock, round the calendar and round the barometer. The merging of topcoat styling and

Left: Italian cotton knee-length coat, set-in sleeves, leather bound buttonholes and patch pockets, leather buttons, sleeve straps, contrasting taffeta lining, by International Trends, $50. Right: reversible cotton raincoat in midnight blue and natural, bat collar, raglan sleeves, Burberry, $55.

rainwear utility tab these new togs as great garb for a man-about-town who's a man-on-the-street for but a few moments each day. Whether driving his car or commuting by train, he's only a few steps from his office or apartment, has little room or need for winter-weight, too-bulky outerwear.

For casual jinks, a loose-hanging raincoat fits in fine, and for formal flings, a tailored raincoat is strictly in style. For versatility, there's reversibility — the new raincoats oft combining a dark side for deeds after dusk with a light flip side for daytime doings. Meandering mercury is met with a zip-in lining — the list of such liners rang-

 PHOTOGRAPHY BY VIC SKREBNESKI

ing from light wool and camel's hair to heavy, thick synthetic piles. As the rainbow follows the rain, so the drab solid colors of yesteryear have been succeeded by tattersall, hound's-tooth and miniature pin checks, olive greens and olive mixes, and muted glen plaids. Bal-collared, raglan-sleeved coats continue as favorites, with split-raglan-sleeved models bulking big on the fashion scene.

The extremes of detail have been dropped from the Italian coats, and these now offer distinctive masculine lines with neat details—side vents, angled pockets, accent stitching, plus moderate leather trims.

LAS VEGAS *(continued from page 72)*

If the whirl of resort hotel and casino life is not for you and you want to make a hipper scene away from the clink of silver and the jangle of slot machines, stay at the Colonial House (singles from $8), a motel-style pad just down the Strip from the DI. This is where a lot of the young entertainers, musicians and showgirls park; there's a pool, but no gaming tables. The manager, Dave Victorson, is a New York boy, knows everybody in Vegas and is a natural-born swinger. The Colonial House will make show reservations at the other hotels for you.

The Colonial's Rebel Room is the most happy swackery and snackery on the Strip and the best place to meet relaxed people. Late afternoons and evenings before dinnertime are good, but the Rebel Room jumps heaviest early in the ayem when the showniks drop by to quench and feed. Dave's specialty, shrimp Victor ($1.50), is sautéed in butter with garlic, wine and other goodies. Linguini with red or white baby clam sauce ($2) is delectable. If you've got just a little bit of room, try a plate of chicken soup with kreplach (60¢) or potato pancakes with apple sauce ($1). But if you've really got the hungers, go for the meaty sweet and sour stuffed cabbage ($2.50) or the complete dinner route ($3.50) with veal piccante sautéed in butter with lemon and mushrooms.

Another place you might enjoy away from the Strip, if you have wheels, is Lloyd St. John's Twin Lakes Lodge, a dude ranch five minutes from town. Las Vegas, meaning "the meadows," was once a campsite on the Old Spanish Trail because of its natural springs. Kit Carson guided John C. Fremont through Vegas in 1844. This campsite is now the location of the twin artificial lakes which give the place its name.

Rooms are in terraced lodges of six units each (singles from $6), some with fireplace and kitchenette. There are free boats for guests, with bass and bluegill fishing all year round and trout from October through May. There's much rodeo-type activity, lots of horses in the stables, an archery range and a 100′ x 100′ swimming pool.

Twin Lakes gets a bunch of girls down for "the cure" (divorce). Tuesdays and Fridays during the winter and every summer evening there are barbecues. During summer, showgirls from the Strip often come out after work for a swim, a trail ride at 5 or 6 A.M. and a chuck wagon-style breakfast served from 2 till 7 A.M. Each June the Lodge gives a free barbecue for everyone who works on the Strip. The party runs all night and far into the next day and turns out to be the ball of the year. Last time more than 1900 people were served.

There is one superb restaurant in the Continental tradition, Anjoe's on the Strip near the Sands. The proprietors are Andy Fava and Joe Gordon; do make reservations for dinner, served from 5 through 10:30 P.M., with à la carte service until 12:30 A.M. The dining room is comfortable and subdued with old brick arches, wooden wine racks and fine examples of French theatrical posters on the walls. There are two small tables in a lovers' nook; and for parties there's the Thessaly Room with wrought-iron gate and bawdy bacchanalian murals.

The menu is extensive and well balanced (complete dinners from $3.50). Fava prepares the veal, chicken and cream stuffing for the cannelloni ($3.25) himself. The saltimbocca ($3.50) — a Roman specialty of veal slices with prosciutto accompanied by zucchini Florentine — is the best we've ever had. Scampi Anjoe ($1.75) are prepared with shallots, garlic, cream and sherry, and the breast of chicken cardinal ($3.50) is a classic. If you've never had spinach salad ($1.50), this is your chance; it's tossed with bacon in a heavy Tuscan olive-oil dressing. Strawberries Anjoe (in season) are selected jumbos slit and filled with whipped cream and served iced; they're lovely with champagne. The vino list is the best in town and, though we're not usually impressed by Italian wine exports, the Chianti Villa Antonori brought in by Julius Wile is an exception in a French-style chateau bottle instead of the customary straw-covered flask.

Kitty-corner from the Stardust is Hershel and Eudora Leverton's Alpine Village Inn, a replica of a German chalet restaurant with picturesque heraldic ornaments and illustrations from Bavarian legends. The service is by lederhosened waiters and dirndled girls. As you might anticipate, the menu is comprised of dishes such as the familiar Sauerbraten and Wienerschnitzel. There is also Zarter Kapaun — roasted caponette with chestnut dressing; and Kohlrouladen — ground sirloin baked in cabbage leaves and covered with a delectable sauce. These are served as complete dinners with Suppe in an individual iron kettle, salad, sweet and sour red cabbage, potato pancakes, dessert and coffee (about $3 with an all-you-can-eat policy). There are also steaks and (with 48 hours' notice) you can order whole roast suckling pig stuffed with apple-chestnut dressing.

For the best steaks in town the localites recommend the Ranch House out on the Salt Lake Highway about five miles from town, but they don't accept reservations so you may have to wait for a table.

The brilliantly lit revolving Silver Slipper sign next to Last Frontier Village marks the only casino and entertainment on the Strip not connected with a hotel. The Slipper has the atmosphere of an Old West fancy house with stained beams, gilt ornaments and imitation gaslight chandeliers. Near the front door is the oldest slot machine in operation, a restored 1879 Callie Express which will take up to six of your nickels at a time. The Slipper's 24 hour chuck wagon at 98¢ is a steal and if you enjoy this sort of repast (in the dining room hung with paintings of nudes) you might actually perch in Lillian Russell's own chair.

Eddie Fox, of vaudeville fame, presents four shows nightly (9-11-1:30-3) on the stage. This is the only Vegas spot for slapstick burlesque and strippers.

You won't find much jazz blowing around, but there are early Monday-morning sessions after 2 A.M. at the Black Magic out in Paradise Valley. There's a copper-hooded central fireplace circled by a couch, and who knows whom you might meet in the dark? Except on Sundays, Gladys Palmer plays and sings at the piano bar; the crowd is mostly local and fairly young.

The best place for contemporary sounds is an Italian pizza house, La Vista, on Paradise Road. Fridays through Mondays from 2 to 6 A.M. there's a swinging little group there put together by horn man Jimmy Cook, who used to be with Diz' band. Carl Fontana's on bone and all the frustrated cats working square gigs around town come by to sit in.

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Downtown Las Vegas, known as Glitter Gulch or Casino Center, is an entirely different scene. At one end of Fremont Street, the Union Pacific terminal marks the daily 4 P.M. arrival of the City of Las Vegas from LA, with free buffet breakfast and lunch on the way up and dinner on the return train leaving at 5 P.M. Two blocks down is the Fremont Hotel, the state's largest single-floor gambling establishment, and in between are fifteen casinos lining both sides of the street with a blaze of neon and incandescence and the jangle of several thousand slot machines in continuous operation.

These are "grind joints." Here the addicts gather and the nickels, dimes and quarters grind their way into the owners' pockets. The chicks spend hour after hour here, hard at it. Some of them work two machines at a time, wearing gloves to prevent callouses. On weekends there aren't enough machines to go around and people wait their turn at favorites. The Fremont Casino averages 2500 jackpots from $2 to $5000 a day and most of them get pumped right back into the same slots that scored. The Fremont also has the distinction of offering the only left-handed bandit in town. The Las Vegas Club features models of bewhiskered bandits with masks and real hats. You pull their gun arms to start the fruit rolling around in their chests. If you hit a jackpot while the randomly spaced 80-

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"While I realize that on the face of things it looks like a terrific discovery, professor — I'm afraid it simply means Miss Parker and I were here after you quit work yesterday."

"Look at all these lumps on your head. And you told me I was the first."

Ribald Classic

THE WEEPING DOG

A new translation from the Latin *Disciplina Clericalis* of Petrus Alfonsus

A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN had a beautiful and chaste wife. He, wishing to travel to Rome to visit the shrines, decided not to place any bounds or checks upon his wife except her own will, trusting in her excellent and proven good habits. And indeed, after he had departed, the woman lived in a very creditable way. But one day, when she had to leave the house for a little while, she was seen by a young man who fell madly in love with her. Having contrived to meet her, he subsequently tried to win her affection with jewels, but she always refused to listen to his amorous requests until at last the poor fellow fell ill of unrequited passion.

One day he met an old woman of respectable appearance who questioned him as to his sadness, and at first he refused to make the matter known to her. "Well," she said to him, "the sick man who will not show his ailment to a physician will soon grow worse." He decided to take her into his confidence. As soon as she had heard his case, she said: "Take comfort, for if I am not mistaken, you shall soon have just what you desire from this lady."

The old woman went to her house and called a little female dog she had and locked it in the bedroom for three days with no food. On the fourth day she opened the door and fed the animal a little bread baked with red pepper. No sooner had the dog eaten some of that bread than the tears started to flow from its eyes from the heat and piquancy of the pepper.

Then the old woman called the dog and together they set out for the house of the beautiful lady. The lady invited the old woman into her house, for she was lonely and was happy at the chance of having conversation with a person so wise and venerable, but at sight of the weeping dog she could not help but ask: "Why is that dog crying? I never saw one do so before."

The old woman shook her head and replied: "My dear lady, please don't sadden me by asking about the dog and why she weeps. If I should start to tell you, so great would be my grief that I expect I would die before I finished the speech." But as the lady kept after her and begged her to tell, the old woman allowed herself to be persuaded and with a doleful face and wiping her eyes, she began the story: "This dog you see weeping here was in happier times my dearly beloved daughter. In those days she was a very beautiful woman and chaste. She was loved and besought by a young man of the neighborhood. When he found that she scorned him and set too much store by her chastity, he fell quite ill, and the gods out of pity for him and through annoyance at her for her hardheartedness, turned her into the she-dog you see here weeping. She falls to weeping often when she remembers how beautiful she was before the change."

The lady turned quite pale and said, "Oh immortal gods! I am terrified, for I, too, have fallen into similar error in that I, more mindful of my chastity than of my fellow man, have turned away a young fellow who craves my affection."

"This is very bad!" cried the old woman. "I advise you to listen to what your suitor has to say. You would not want to be turned into a dog!"

"See if you can find the young man," said the lady, "and tell him that if he still wants me, I shall no longer deny myself to him. I am not a woman who wants to act contrary to the will of the gods."

—Translated by J. A. Gato

ENCHANTED EATING—

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in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Simmer 1 minute, no longer. Add the chicken bouillon cube, brown sugar, soy sauce and kitchen Bouquet. Make a smooth paste of the vinegar and cornstarch and slowly add it to the simmering liquid. Cook a minute or two until sauce is thick and clear.

BEEF AND TOMATOES, OYSTER SAUCE

- 2 lbs. porterhouse steak or shell steak
- 2 tablespoons bottled Chinese oyster sauce
- 1 medium-size onion, minced
- 1 medium-size clove garlic, minced
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 3 tablespoons peanut oil or other salad oil
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 2 large fresh tomatoes
- ½ cup thinly sliced water chestnuts
- 2 scallions, thinly sliced, white and green part

Remove all fat and bones from meat. Cut into rectangles about 1 in. wide and as thin as possible — not more than ⅛ in. thick. Place meat in a deep bowl and add the oyster sauce, onion, garlic, pepper and lemon juice. Let meat remain in the liquid about ½ hour. Heat the peanut oil in a wide electric skillet, set at 300°. Add the meat together with the liquid. Simmer slowly, stirring constantly, until meat loses red color. Add the chicken broth, and bring to a boil. Make a paste of the cornstarch and 2 tablespoons cold water. Slowly add the paste to the broth, stirring constantly. Simmer slowly about 5 minutes longer. Remove the stems from the tomatoes and cut each tomato into six wedges. Add the water chestnuts, scallions and tomatoes to the pan. Cook 1 or 2 minutes longer, only until tomatoes are heated through.

LOBSTER CURRY IN COCONUT

- meat of 2 boiled 1½ lb. Northern lobsters *or* meat of 2 lbs. boiled frozen lobster tails
- 3 cups milk
- 4-oz. can shredded coconut
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 piece celery, minced
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 1 teaspoon turmeric
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons dry sherry
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- salt

Remove meat from lobster shells. Cut meat into ½-in.-thick slices. In a saucepan bring the milk up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Pour the milk over the coconut. Let the coconut steep in the milk for 1 hour, then pour the milk through a fine strainer, and squeeze the coconut to force out all liquid. The liquid may also be strained through a cheesecloth by wringing. Discard coconut pulp.

In a heavy saucepan melt the butter. Add the onion and celery and sauté only until onion begins to turn yellow. Add the lobster and sauté 2 or 3 minutes, stirring frequently. Sprinkle the curry powder and turmeric over the lobster. Stir well. Sprinkle the flour over the lobster and stir until no dry flour is visible. Gradually add the coconut milk to the pan. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame, and simmer 5 minutes. Add the sherry, monosodium glutamate and salt to taste.

Serve curry with dry fluffy rice. Curry is usually accompanied with sambals or small garnishes in clam shells, coquilles or other small containers from which guests help themselves. In the shells surrounding the curry any or all of the following garnishes may appear: chutney, Bombay duck (a dried fish), toasted almonds, raisins, spiced watermelon rind, chopped hard-boiled egg, chopped green pepper, chopped crisp bacon, sliced lemon, minced chives, minced parsley, pine nuts, toasted canned coconut slices, or baked sesame seeds.

FRIED RICE WITH CRABMEAT

(Although fried rice is frequently prepared with egg, our crabmeat-ham combination will be more succulent if the egg is omitted.)

- 6-oz. package thawed king crabmeat
- 3 tablespoons peanut oil or other salad oil
- 1 small onion, minced
- 1 piece celery, minced
- 2 medium-size cloves garlic, minced
- 1 medium-size green pepper, diced
- 4 cups cold cooked rice
- 4 ozs. sliced cooked ham, diced
- 2 scallions, sliced
- ½ cup bean sprouts, drained
- ⅓ cup water chestnuts, diced
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 1 teaspoon sugar

Remove any bones or cartilage from the crabmeat. Cut the crabmeat into slices about ¼ in. thick. In a large electric skillet set at 250°, heat the peanut oil. Add the onion, celery, garlic and green pepper, and sauté until onion turns yellow. Stir well. Add the rice, ham, crabmeat, scallions, bean sprouts, water chestnuts and pepper. Cook, stirring constantly, until all ingredients are thoroughly heated. Add the soy sauce and sugar. If rice tends to stick to the pan, reduce heat or add a few tablespoons water to prevent burning. Add more soy sauce if desired. After such seductive South Pacific feasting, your comelier guests may decide to go native.

ROGER PRICE THEORY

(continued from page 40)

40 he is a plumpish bachelor who cooks.

Sidney is an imitation of *Al*. He wants people to like him and insists on going out of his way to do favors. There are only two people who don't like *Sidney*: his father and his wife.

Marvin always gets jilted.

Murray and *Bernie* hang around ranches and ski resorts but don't ride or ski. They drink manhattans. *Peter* rides and skis and is a good amateur artist. He wears a Tattersall vest.

Christopher has an interesting face and appears to be a natural leader but is actually the most henpecked husband in the neighborhood. *Arnold* is a chess addict. *Cliff* is always bringing people little presents that they don't know what to do with. *Jerry* can play the piano if everyone wants to sing. *Harry* is the one who always knows where to get some more ice.

Ed wears a vest that came with the suit and belongs to a bowling team. The other members of the team are *Fred*, *Hank* and *Vince*. These fellows are married to *Ethel*, *Marion*, *Florence* and *Milly*. *Milly* is the silliest but she always wins.

The personalities associated with these names may vary with different age groups and in different localities, but by and large, I'm convinced that few of us escape the influence of our names. There are some basic names, of course, which are neutral and exert little influence on a child. William, Robert, Charles and John. And Margaret, Elisabeth, Catherine and Ann. But as a child with a standard name like these grows up he will probably get a nickname which will fit him.

I can see the time coming when all personality problems may be solved by professional name-changers who could be called namalysts. If *George* is tired of being imposed on and feels he's a failure, he goes to the namalyst who gives him a new first name (changing the last name won't help). The new name is *Clark*. No one is going to impose on *Clark* or give him bum tips on the market. *Clark* marries a wealthy girl and becomes an executive in her father's company. Or perhaps *George* gets the name *Enrico*. He becomes an Italian, takes voice lessons and gets his own TV show.

So if you are a prospective parent and have your child's best interest at heart, think carefully before naming it. Remember you can't escape by giving it an odd name. You name a boy *Ulysses*, *Lucius*, *Tecumseh* or *Omar* and chances are fifty fifty that he will become a general. And you know what girls named *Tallulah* or *Zsa Zsa* grow up to be. They grow up to be Tallulah or Zsa Zsa.

the chronicle of a man and his genius

By CHARLES BEAUMONT

HIGH ON THE LIST OF AMERICA'S PET HATES is a man who, over a thirty-year period, gave this nation — and every other nation in the world — a gift valuable beyond price and beyond estimation, the most desirable and most difficult to receive: the imperishable gift of joy.

There was a time when Charlie Chaplin's name was a synonym for happiness. Now, and inevitably, it is a symbol of hatred and a monument — as if we needed one — to humanity's eternal and passionate ingratitude. Chaplin spent the fruitful years of his life preaching a sermon to the heart. Good and evil were not part of the sermon, its point being that good and evil do not exist, that only joy exists. Now, in transcendent irony, we are told that Chaplin is an evil man. It is being said, by aging female journalists, by pettifogging senators, by hacks, and other self-appointed spokesmen of the American people, that he is a bad sort — or, as the one-time Attorney General of the United States, James P. McGranery, put it, "an unsavory character." In 1952 Chaplin embarked upon a vacation cruise with his wife. Two days later, instructions were issued to the Immigration authorities to hold the actor for a hearing to determine whether or not he would be allowed to re-enter the country. Chaplin, said McGranery, speaking for the nation, "has been publicly charged with being a member of the Communist Party, with grave moral charges and with making statements that would indicate a leering, sneering attitude toward a country whose hospitality has enriched him."

There were a few dissenting voices, a few citizens who felt that it was America that had been enriched, but the majority appeared to be delighted at Chaplin's exile. The columnists, as though to stem the tide of sympathy, pointed out that the Attorney General had been kind in his judgments. They reminded us, in great but vague detail, of Chaplin's sins. He was a Commie. He was a tax dodger. He was a ravisher of young girls. He was an atheist. Worst of all he was ungrateful. After forty years in this country had he had the common decency to take out American citizenship papers? No! Clearly, it was a case of good riddance to bad rubbish.

Since 1952, Chaplin has lived abroad. With only the slightest trace of rancor, he has stated that he does not intend to return to the United States. While his attitude toward us might be one of profound bitterness, of outrage and disgust, he has said nothing to indicate that this is so. Instead, with the exception of a controversial film called *A King in New York*, he has maintained a dignified silence. In a gesture reminiscent of another, greater Charlie — the little fellow Chaplin created and who danced his way into the affections of all who saw him — Chaplin simply shrugged off the tragedy, turned his back, and disappeared.

But for this, the press might have reversed its approach. Like other nations, we are given to great kindness once we have administered punishment and exacted contrition. But to forgive forgiveness! The Big Mama columnists asked only for an expression of sorrow and a perhaps halfhearted promise of better behavior. Receiving the shrug instead, they tucked in their ample bosoms and bared their fangs. An anti-Chaplin campaign was begun, calculated by its emphases and omissions to present a single image of Chaplin, so hateful an image that some European critics concluded that it was a classic admission of guilty conscience.

Of course, people believed what they read. Even so, it was possible to think of *Chaplin* as a wretched little alien and still enjoy *Charlie* on the screen. For a while. Then the campaign began to have its success. Not content to destroy the man, the columnists proceeded to attack the man's work. Learned students of the cinema, such as Hedda Hopper, began to have second thoughts about the "so-called Chaplin masterpieces." Were they really so great? Were they really as funny as they were cracked up to be?

Despite the encouraging success of the recently reissued *Modern Times* and *The Gold Rush*, a number of small but alarming fissures have begun to appear in the estimation of Chaplin's professional achievements. Only a few months ago, a logorrheac Hollywood TV personality was asked why he persisted in slamming Chaplin. "I'll

Charles Chaplin as the classic and resilient Charlie . . .

Brave but bemused, Charlie in *The Gold Rush* . . .

as the Hitleresque fiend of *The Great Dictator* . . as the heartbroken vaudevillean of *Limelight* . . . as Charles Chaplin, doting and dedicated father.

and, in *Sunnyside*, as the gentle embodiment of joy and love, the great god Pan: a role Chaplin can be said to have played in all his films.

tell you,' said the personality. "I've got nothing against the guy personally. What he does is his own business. I'm just sick of hearing all this stuff about what a great comic he was. You seen one of his pictures recently? They're pathetic. Stupid. What's funny about a little schmo who looks like Hitler and acts like a queer? I'll tell you a great comic. Joey Frisco. There's a great comic . . ."

So now even Charlie — as distinct from Chaplin — is under attack. It would be comforting to think the Little Fellow isn't in danger, that nothing so magnificent could possibly perish, but other magnificent things have perished, and at the hands of men. Why not Charlie too? Film doesn't last forever, and memory fades. And though we speak of a wonder that held the world enchanted for three generations, the wonder has demonstrably begun to dim. The young in America today do not know Chaplin at all, except as the monster the press has built, and that is sad. Unless they live in the few great cities of the nation, they do not know Charlie, either. And that is tragic. For the artist and his art, separable as they may and must be, are of vital importance to the cultural and moral development of America. If we allow ourselves to forget what we had, then we shall never understand what we lost, and that will make us poor indeed.

"I have a notion that he suffers from a nostalgia of the slums." So wrote Somerset Maugham of his friend Charles Spencer Chaplin, touching upon one of the great secrets of Chaplin's art. From the beginning it has been a celebration and a mockery of the earth's poor. Celebration because while we breathe, even in the dankest air of the lowest slum, we live, and life is sacred; mockery because, in Chaplin's words, 'The poor deserve to be mocked! What fools they are!" What holy fools, he should have added for that must be the final description of his masterpiece, Charlie.

But Maugham was also stating a literal truth. Chaplin's formative years were spent in the East End of London, where he was taken when barely a year old from his birthplace, Fontainebleau. Kennington was then, and is now, a gray, dismal, squalid crowd of ancient buildings, infested by the poor, the sick, the lame and the ignorant. Chaplin's father was a music-hall entertainer of slender talents. His income was small and most of it went for liquor. He died before the new century, and Chaplin remembers standing all night long outside St. Thomas' hospital, where his father lay, waiting for the light from the unshuttered window to go out. When it finally did go out, Chaplin's mother, Hannah, was faced with the nearly impossible task of supporting herself and her two sons.

The elder son, Sydney, Charles' half-brother (and for whom Charles best known son is named), achieved a certain fame of his own and accompanied Charles to America, eventually becoming his general manager and business manager. In the course of an interview, Sydney once made a number of disparaging remarks about their early life, putting some of the blame upon his mother. Charles, who was present, went into a cold rage and banished Sydney from the room. Later, he explained: "They can say what they want about my mother — she was greater than I will ever be. She *was* a great actress. I've never seen anyone like her. She was good to me when I was a kid — she gave me all she had — and asked nothing back and by Heaven, I've got no mother complex either. She was just a good fellow."

Under the stage name of Lily Harley, Hannah Chaplin performed in Gilbert and Sullivan stock companies, but her earnings were low and the strain finally broke her. She tried sewing, but even this light work fatigued her. When Charles was six years old, Hannah suffered a series of mental collapses. She was taken to an institution and her sons were left to fend for themselves. Alone in the city, Charles plunged directly to the hard core of survival, wandering the cold streets in search of scraps, struggling constantly to stay alive so that he might enjoy the occasional visits he was permitted with his mother. From time to time she would be released and they would live together in a workhouse, but these relatively happy periods never lasted long. For nine more years Hannah alternated between the workhouse and the hospital, her condition growing steadily worse. Yet, as Chaplin recalls, "she never lost her sense of humor." And he thanks this quality of his mother's for his own extraordinary ability to stay afloat during those hard times.

She had the most marvelous gift of mimicry; I learned everything from her. We would sit in our drab little room and the people would pass below and mother would mimic them, giving an elaborate history of each as he or she would pass . . ."

With such an inheritance, it is perhaps natural that Chaplin became interested in the theatre almost as soon as he could talk. At the age of seven, he haunted the London stages, watching the crowds, worshiping the performers with whom he felt a deep kinship. He claims now that his talent for pantomime was fully developed before he was ten, and that he never for a moment doubted that he would devote his life to entertainment. He entertained people from the time of his earliest memory and somehow he knew that he had a very special talent — although of course he didn't know precisely what it was.

Getting a job in the theatre was even more difficult then than it is now. After short stints as newsboy, toymaker and lather boy in a barber shop, Charles went looking for engagements. Hannah thought he was too young for the hard professional life, but at last she relented and through her remaining contacts, arranged for him to join the Eight Lancashire Lads, a troupe of child clog dancers. By the time he was eight Charles was a veteran showman. He stayed with the troupe for two more years, and after playing in a large number of variety shows, landed a small part in William Gillette's famous dramatization of *Sherlock Holmes*. He toured with the company for four years, then appeared, as one of the wolves, in the first performance of Barrie's *Peter Pan*. Meanwhile, Sydney was doing well, also in the theatre. Which is to say, both were making enough — barely enough — to survive without having to resort to theft or charity.

In 1906, when he was seventeen, Charles was appearing in most of the music halls as a regular performer. He had a solo act, with songs, and was considered one of England's outstanding young talents — but hardly in the same league with his brother. Sydney was tiring of the fight and so was delighted to accept an offer from Fred Karno, king of the music halls. At a grand three pounds per week, Sydney felt that he had achieved the nearest thing to security in the entertainment business. He was happy with the Karno company and, once solidly entrenched, asked the impresario to hire Charles.

Karno had doubts. The younger Chaplin did not appear, at first glance, to have much potential as a comic. But when he went through one of his routines, shedding the sickly, serious seventeen-year-old exterior like a snake's winter skin and exploding into a combination tumbler, acrobat, singer, dancer, mimic and jokester, Karno hired him at once, without misgiving. This was to prove the first important development in Chaplin's professional career.

He was an instantaneous success in the troupe, largely because of the freedom Karno allowed him in the sketches. Most of these would seem unbearably quaint today, but Chaplin admits that they helped form much of his future style. It was with Karno that he learned the immense theatrical value of seemingly insignificant detail. Picking a daisy is a commonplace and unremarkable action, by itself; inserted into the right context it can become an action of the most overpowering significance. (In a *City Lights* sequence, Charlie stoned to the keel, is being dragged home by a friend who is only one degree less pixilated. En route, Charles notices a daisy, picks it and holds it to his nose; the screen fairly bursts with joy.) He

learned timing, also, and all of the magic graces which he later brought to perfection.

After a few years, Karno sent Charles to America for an extended tour, and the second and most decisive development of his career occurred. America had fallen in love with the movies. There were film dramas, but the cry was for film comedy, and the producers could not turn out enough humorous pictures to meet the demand. A horse-faced impish talent named Mack Sennett was the unchallenged emperor of this new field. He produced one- and two-reel comedies at the rate of three per week, but somehow he managed to instill in each zaniness and quality. His stable of comics—Ford Sterling, Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle, Buster Keaton, Chester Conklin, Mable Normand, et al., together with the immortal Keystone Cops—had become an American habit, and would-be competitors found the door solidly shut against them.

No one knows what Sennett's secret was, including Sennett. His only philosophy toward comedy was that it ought to be fun to watch. In line with this approach, it struck him that watching the same actors over and over again was not much fun, so he conducted an unending search for fresh talent—in all departments. He saw Chaplin's act at the Pantages Theatre in Los Angeles, thought it was pretty good, but not good enough to do anything about. Several months later, Mack's Number One comic, Ford Sterling, began to complain. Not realizing that it was the Sennett touch and not the work of any single performer that made the films successful, Sterling demanded a huge raise. Sennett demurred, on the grounds that if he gave it to Sterling, then everybody else would expect the same thing. Sterling grumbled some threats and Sennett started to look for a replacement. Scraping his brain for ideas, he suddenly remembered the little cockney he'd seen with the Karno group at the Pantages. Recalling little except a certain enthusiasm he'd felt at the time, he told his publicity men to find "a guy called Chapman or Chipton or something like that" and promptly forgot about it. In a few weeks, he was told that Charles Chaplin was working for a pittance in Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Without bothering to take another look, Sennett instructed his men to offer Chaplin a year's contract at $75 per week. Chaplin was then making $50, and the increase looked appealing. However he was basically an entertainer, and although he had been amused and interested by the early film experiments of Max Lindner, he couldn't bring himself to regard the flickering business seriously. Besides, with Karno he had security.

Having given the matter a little thought, Chaplin refused Sennett's offer—by way of demanding triple the amount. To his surprise, the demand was met and in this manner Charles Chaplin backed into the medium he was to lift to the highest degree of art.

It wasn't art then. The Keystone comedians were all masters of slapstick, but that was about the extent of their talent. They leaped and ran and rolled about the screen like wild wind-up toys, falling down, getting up, falling down again, and relying always upon utter chaos for their effect. Sometimes it worked, sometimes—no one can say why—it didn't.

The trouble was, none of it was even remotely Chaplin's style. When the British comedian strode shyly into the studio to report for work, Sennett, like Karno before him, was positive he'd made a mistake. How would this pale, sensitive young man ever fit in with the wild loonies and their pies-in-the-face? Daunted, the great producer sighed, dispatched his latest acquisition and made a successful effort to put the blunder out of his mind.

This reaction was a fortunate thing, for us all. Had Sennett been impressed, he would have prepared a series of his own devising for Chaplin, and Charlie might never have been. As it was,

the new actor was free to experiment. His first picture, *Making a Living*, was in every way a disaster. Typically Keystone Coppian, it ran its chaotic mile with Chaplin appearing as a dude in a Chinese mustache: there was nothing funny nor individual from first to last foot of film, and no hint whatever of the Little Fellow.

Sennett was not surprised, but Chaplin admits that the experience was personally crushing to him. He had managed to convince himself that motion pictures could provide a fine showcase for his talents, but now it appeared that he would vanish into the great panicking crowd of funnymen. He brooded about the matter at length, taking many midnight walks through the poorer sections of Los Angeles. Gradually, faintly, an idea formed. He knew that it would sound bad, even if he were able to verbalize it, so he decided to develop it thoroughly on his own and then give it, whole, to Sennett.

The idea took shape the following week. From the London beggars who had haunted his youth, he would make a composite figure. In this figure would be all the elements which had frightened and amused him: the ragtag clothes, the dirt, the air of absolute and irrevocable failure, the pathetic dignity. He took Mack Swain's walrus mustache first and began cutting it down. By accident — the only accident in Charlie's creation — he went too far and ended with nothing more than a square patch. But it looked right. To this he added Fatty Arbuckle's bowler hat and gigantic trousers and Ford Sterling's oversize shoes. The bamboo cane was an afterthought. Together, amazingly, the stray odds and ends made a perfectly homogeneous ensemble. It took only a bit of white make-up (descended from death-conscious clowns in the times of the great plagues) to convince Chaplin that he had found the perfect answer.

Charlie was born.

He came of cast-off clothes and desperation, but he was an embodiment: his spirit may be traced back to all the other great embodiments of joy: through Joseph Grimaldi, Dan Leno, Jean-Gaspard Deburau whose sweet foolery similarly charmed and convulsed audiences back further through Don Quixote, Punch, Pierrot, and finally, Pan himself. Pan danced through life, reminding man of the joy of his mortality. So did Charlie. So do all the really great clowns. Life is strong in them and they celebrate it.

Only a creation of the highest art can express joy in the *whole* of life, which is not cruel and is not mean and is not kind, but is all of these things. Charlie the tramp eloquently expressed this. It is what separated him — and separates him — from such other grand and wonderful clowns as Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon, Harold Lloyd, W. C. Fields, Laurel and Hardy, Raimu, and Cantinflas.

"He does not cut a dashing figure as he blunders through a drab and commonplace existence," wrote Chaplin of Charlie. "Heroism with him, except on great occasions, never soars to greater heights than his interviews with his landlord. His fortunes always drag a little behind his expectations, and fulfillment lies always out of reach. And as he shambles along with dwindling hopes he is smitten more than ever with a sense of his own unfitness and inadequacy. When [the common man] sees on the stage or screen the romantic hero who sweeps through life like a whirlwind he feels a sense of inferiority and is depressed. Then he sees me shuffling along in my baffled and aimless manner, and a spark of hope rekindles. Here is a man like himself, only more pathetic and miserable, with ludicrously impossible clothes — in every sense a misfit and a failure. The figure on the screen has a protective air of mock dignity — takes the most outrageous liberties with people — and wears adversity as though it were a bouquet . . ."

He wears adversity as though it were a bouquet . . . Charlie's world was full of adversities, and tragedies, yet he survived them, triumphantly, and this is why everyone loved him. They warmed to the truth of Charlie's Law: the survival of the unfittest.

It is unfair to blame Mack Sennett for not immediately recognizing the magnificence of this. After all, the success of Keystone was rooted firmly in slapstick, and it is not always wise to tamper with success. Nonetheless, his fears notwithstanding, Sennett approved the costume and allowed Chaplin to wear it in his next picture, *Kid Auto Races at Venice*.

Amid all the flailing arms and rolling eyes, the little tramp figure appeared as a divine thunderbolt. With a wink he toppled Sterling from his throne as America's favorite clown and demolished the rest of the competition. Of course, Charlie was not fully realized in this early effort (released February 7, 1914), but Chaplin knew that it was only a matter of time. He was aware that there was significance in the character he had invented and that it might take him a lifetime to understand this significance.

His next thirty-five pictures for Keystone were instantaneous hits. Chaplin's name became famous before the year was through, and when it was time for contract renewal he requested a raise, on brother Syd's advice. Sennett refused, for the same reasons that had prompted him to refuse Sterling: it would set a dangerous precedent. Years later, Sennett admitted his mistake, but claimed that he had been right at the time. Of Chaplin he says, simply, "Oh, he's just the greatest artist that ever lived, that's all."

Within a few months, Chaplin was working for the Essanay Company in Chicago, at $1000 per week. Shortly thereafter, he signed a contract with Mutual for the unheard-of salary of $10,000 per week, plus bonuses. All this while he concentrated upon developing the character of the Little Fellow, adding the refinements that were to make Charlie the most magnificent comic character of the century. Chaplin understood that true art cannot be collaborative, and so he insisted upon writing (*making up*, more properly; there were no scripts in those days) and directing his films.

Such masterpieces as *The Bank* and *The Floorwalker* caused Chaplin's fame to spread, and before World War I had begun, he was acknowledged to be the most popular man in the world. In a recent attack, *The Saturday Evening Post* quotes Chaplin as having commented: "I am known in lamaseries where the name Jesus Christ has never been heard." The *Post* regards this as an incredible and somewhat sacrilegious boast. It is nothing of the kind. Thanks to the invention of motion pictures and to the universal language he spoke, Charles Chaplin might well lay claim to being the first man truly world famous in his time. Not even the greatest figures before him could be certain of immediate recognition in every civilized community on earth.

During the war, Chaplin put Charlie to work selling Liberty Bonds, and raised more money for this country than any other individual. He also raised a great deal of money for himself, and very soon was able to assume complete control of his career. With the forming of United Artists, which was his idea, and the construction of a private studio at La Brea and Sunset in Hollywood, he became the first independent star-producer.

His films continued to enjoy success. So high was the level of their artistry that they left no area of the audience uncaptured. The intellectuals began to see in Chaplin a new messiah, and the people — all the people, all over the world — accepted him as they accepted the sun. Masterpiece followed masterpiece. And though the level of quality was not invariable, it can be said that each film contained more invention, more originality, and more downright fun than a year's production of other companies.

With the exception of *Woman of Paris*, a Chaplin-directed film in which neither Charlie nor Chaplin appeared, these pictures comprised a chronicle of the Little Fellow's adventures, and became part of the world's culture.

Chaplin was now rich and powerful. Though but a short time out of the Kennington slums, he found himself an

object of veneration. Dispensing love, he received love in return; and his fame grew, like a vast silvery balloon.

That this must have its effect upon a man is, or should be, self-evident. Chaplin the man had always been withdrawn. The sudden overwhelming popularity caused him to withdraw further. People did not understand. They did not understand that Chaplin's way of repaying them for their love was to give them the best of him, through Charlie, and that having put into Charlie all that was wild and fine and sweet in him, there was little left over.

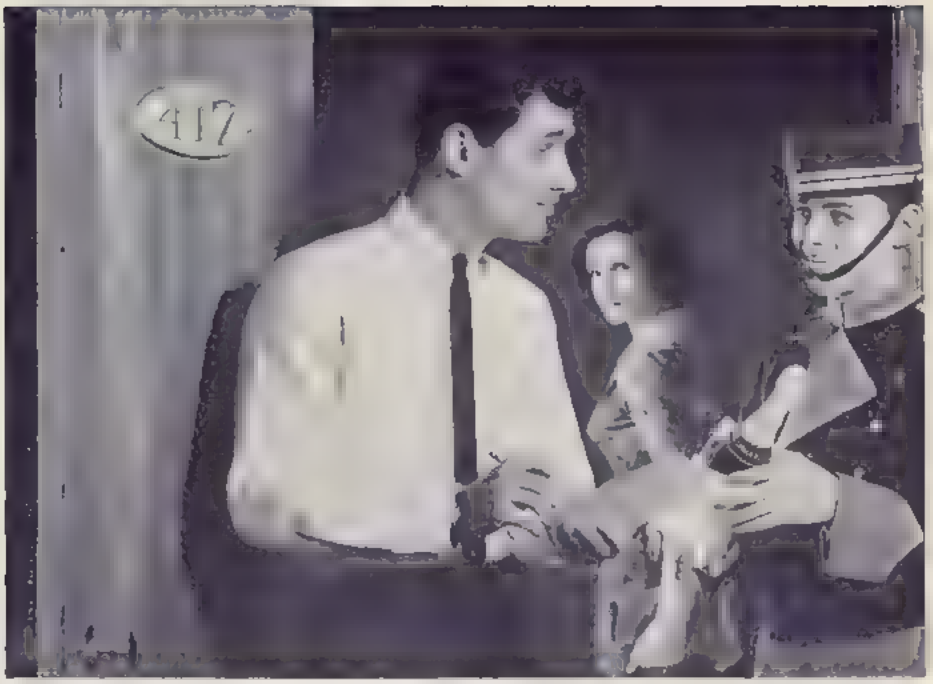
But people have a way of resenting great artists. A man may travel to the soaring center of his soul and come out with a new vision, and the world will ask him why he hasn't changed his shirt.

This is what the world — our American world — began to ask Chaplin. Over a twenty-year period, working twenty hours a day, he was making the finest films anyone had ever seen, distilling his genius to its greatest perfection in such unforgettable scenes as the dance of the rolls and the eating of the shoe in *The Gold Rush*, the blind girl's first glimpse of the tramp in *City Lights*, the automatic feeder in *Modern Times*, the globe-map ballet in *The Great Dictator*. And the people laughed, but they did not forgive. For while Chaplin was dishing up these delights, he was living a life described by columnists as "unnormal."

To ask an artist to please everyone with his life as well as his art is both stupid and unfair. Even if all the charges leveled against Chaplin were true, America's attitude would be difficult to understand. As the charges are almost entirely false, the attitude is inexplicable.

What, in fact, were his sins?

They say he is — or was — a Communist. That is not so. It has never been so. Along with most of the intelligent people of his time, Chaplin was grieved at the inequality of the world and took an interest in all theories which proposed to end that inequality; but he never joined nor promoted in any way the Communist Party. While it is certainly true that, from one viewpoint, his films were a protest against the uneven distribution of wealth, it is also true that many intellectuals were protesting against the same shameful condition. Politically, Chaplin's pictures, which stress *personal* freedom, displeased the Soviet government far more than the American. Careful research reveals that his closest tie with Marxism was his friendship with the great Russian film director, Sergei Eisenstein, who said Chaplin was "able to see . . . the most tragic things through the eyes of a laughing child." Together they plotted nothing more sinister than a possible film collaboration, which



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never came off.

To the charge of ingratitude, it is difficult to reply. In 1916, very quietly and without publicity, Chaplin tried to enlist, and was turned down. President Wilson commented that his film *Shoulder Arms* accomplished more for national morale than all the overt propaganda put together (all the more remarkable in that the picture was not anti anything). In addition to his fund-raising campaigns during the first World War, Chaplin was among the first to promote the opening of a Second Front, in 1942. In all, he did as much for this country as any entertainer before or since. The actual charge, of course, obtains from Chaplin's refusal to become an American citizen. Americans, who customarily retain their citizenship when they go to live abroad, cannot bear the thought of someone's moving here without cutting all home ties. If a foreigner manages to get past Ellis Island and make good in the United States, he *must* become a citizen; if he does not, then he is an ungrateful wretch.

A moment's reflection on Chaplin's enormous popularity, from the beginning, makes it abundantly clear that he could have succeeded anywhere in the world. France would have been delighted to supply the beloved Charlot with a home, just as Spain would have welcomed Carlos and Italy opened its doors to Carlito. To the list, add England and Germany and any country you choose. That he preferred to produce his films here is a fact for which *we* should be grateful.

After all, like Ernest Hemingway, he might have gone elsewhere; and, also like Hemingway, who considers himself a Cuban ("I don't want people to think of me as a Yankee"), he might have renounced America at the first disapproving rumble.

As for his much-vaunted lecheries, they should be his business and his alone. Errol Flynn, before his death, admittedly devoted himself to "women, liquor and amusement," becoming involved in paternity and rape suits with monotonous regularity; yet, perhaps because he did not add to these the affront of genius, he was secretly admired and generally considered a lovable scalawag. Flynn, even when he was consorting with girls young enough to be his granddaughters, could do no wrong. Chaplin could do no right. He was criticized for divorcing his first wife, Mildred Harris, whom he married in September 1917, even though it was an impossible union. The young girl had been swept away by the famous artist, dreaming, naturally enough, of a life of endless parties and communal glamor. She was totally unable to cope with the introspective side of Chaplin, which manifested itself in prolonged states of depression, lonely walks, unheralded disappearances; certainly she could not understand that these were the incubation periods for the art that was to follow. Although Chaplin granted the girl a handsome settlement, the press took him to task. When, some years afterward, he became enchanted by Lita Grey, signed her for the lead in *The Gold Rush*, and married her, the gossip was that he was about to make a fool of himself. And so he did, if falling in love and falling out again is foolish, if reaching desperately for the unattainable is foolish, if making a mistake and trying, honorably, to rectify it is foolish. Chaplin the man was lonely. In those years of his greatest artistic energy, there was little for him to give personally; yet he needed to give and to receive. He might have had all the women he desired, but sex alone was not enough. Even though he knew it was impossible, he wanted — as he confessed later in *Monsieur Verdoux* — the happy married life of an ordinary person.

By her own consent, Lita Grey was removed from *The Gold Rush*; she was far too busy being Mrs. Chaplin to bother with the rigors of a career, which she'd never really desired. The marriage lasted three years and ended in divorce. Lita's mother released a number of ugly stories to the newspapers, charging Chaplin with behaving like a genius ("monster" was her word), and he was pilloried anew by the press. By now it had become fashionable to attack Chaplin. As the facts did not supply much ammunition, new "facts" were invented. About the time Chaplin was preparing to give *The Circus* to the world, a story circulated to the effect that Hannah Chaplin had been "forgotten" by her famous son and was living in abject poverty. She was, in fact, living in Santa Monica, in a lovely house which Chaplin had purchased for her; and if he did not visit her often, it was because he could not stand to see the condition into which her mind had fallen. A nurse and doctor attended Hannah until the day she died, and when she spoke to them of her son, she called him "the King of them all."

Chaplin's marriage with Paulette Goddard looked promising, but the young actress was too much of an individualist to walk in Chaplin's shadow, and his ego was too raw to withstand her emerging personality. After eight years of effort, they were divorced. The almost simultaneous appearance in his life of Joan Barry and Oona O'Neill provided the gossip-mongers with their favorite weapons, and they used them with such vengeance that within a few months Chaplin's reputation was beyond repair. Joan Barry was the sort of waif or gamin that Chaplin loved to feature in his films. Unlike his characters, however, Miss Barry was not all sweet innocence. Her eyes had seen a great deal of the world and were quick to recognize a good thing when it came around. She signed a con-

tract with Chaplin and also became his mistress. When he tired of her, he asked her to leave. In such situations, sympathy is usually equally divided; but Chaplin got all the blame. He was painted as a Svengali who had used up yet another Trilby and was now tossing her out into the cold. Miss Barry left, as she'd been asked to do, but she returned with demands, which Chaplin would not grant, and threats which he ignored. It may be that he was unwise in underestimating the power of a teenage girl. The gamin broke into his house, leveled a pistol at him, insisted that he make love to her, then announced to the world at large that she was going to have a baby.

Public opinion was entirely against Chaplin in the ensuing trial, which included not only the paternity suit but also a charge of violation of the Mann Act. The latter was laughed out of court thanks to the skills of defense lawyer Jerry Giesler, but the paternity charge stuck—despite the statement of an accredited physician that the child could not possibly have been Chaplin's.

Now the creator of the Little Tramp was a bona fide villain. The experience might well have embittered him permanently but for his new-found friendship with Eugene O'Neill's lovely daughter, Oona. Though only eighteen years old, she was no stranger to the shapes of genius. Whether because of the relationship with her famous father, beside whom most artist-eccentrics might seem like Rotarians, or because of an inborn understanding, she knew how to deal with Chaplin's moods. And she loved him.

If the marriage itself was not enough to finish them both in America, its success was.

Chaplin made two more films here—the brilliant *Monsieur Verdoux* and *Limelight*—but they were not appreciated, and so he left us.

It is for these reasons, for his occasional weaknesses as a person and for his incredible strengths as an artist, that Charles Chaplin became one of the most despised men in America. Now, in Vevey, Switzerland, he lives quietly with his wife and seven children—one of whom this remarkable man sired only recently, despite the fact that he is in his seventies. Because he is in his seventies, Chaplin will before long, die. And then, because his legend has been all but destroyed, he will probably be forgotten, as most men are.

But what Chaplin created we must not allow to be forgotten: Charlie the fool. Charlie the clown. Charlie, the spirit of Man, walking with a goatlike skip of his oversize shoes and a hitch of his baggy pants—bewildered, but unafraid—into the unknown. Charlie, the best of us.

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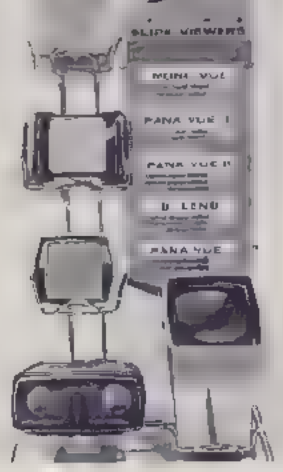

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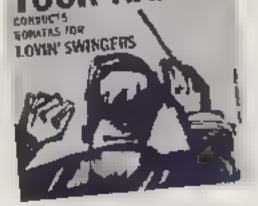

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LAS VEGAS

(continued from page 76)

second bell rings, you get double.

Fun? Vegas Vic's glowing thumb lures you into the Pioneer Club. The Mint Club's incandescent roller-coaster sign magnetizes players into action. The Golden Nugget sports a bar supported by an intimate coupling of satyrs and nauds and a policy that ignores limits and takes practically any size bet.

Poker is big downtown, with games going on endlessly; the Fremont had a 13½-day marathon with six players, and bets going up to $5000. The players dined at the table and retired one at a time for a spell at the health club, leaving their money waiting on the table, frontier-style.

There's not much togetherness between the Strip and downtown. The downtown crowds are distinctly different and the spirit of the action is something else. As long as you made it to Vegas you might as well see both slices of life.

The woman situation? Best you bring one along. Though there are loads of lovelies working and hanging around town, the awful truth is that Vegas has little sexual passion, less romance and a uniformly cynical, commercial view of sex and its beautiful uses. This is generalizing, and if you come ahead and make out like Gangbusters we're with you, but there are problems to face.

On the supply level the lookers in town are dancers, showgirls or models. The showgirls and models make the most bread. *Never* call a dancer a showgirl. Even though most of the dancers don't know second position from third base, they've got Artistic Sensitivity.

Just about all of the hotels have strict rules requiring the girls to stay on the premises between shows. One of the owners explained that he doesn't want them to leave because they might take a gambling friend into another casino. The girls are encouraged to sit around the lounges and mingle in the casinos; they stimulate action.

The showgirls work from 7 P.M. till 2 or 4 A.M. and then most of them grab a bite and drop dead from fatigue. If you're lucky enough to find one of the few with energy left, you're beating the percentages. A lot of these girls bunk together in apartment motels like Blair House and Bali Hai.

On big weekends (New Year's Eve in Las Vegas is the most frantic scene in the world) some of the dressy bodies you'll see in the casinos belong to top-level hookers who follow the turf fans and spenders from resort to resort the year round. Unless you're really loaded and have eyes to be taken for a chunk of loot, this sort is not for you.

You'll see really gorgeous babes standing around the tables waiting for their men to get out of action; many wind up going to see the shows by their lonesomes. If you've never had the itch for dice or a hunch on the wheel, you won't understand these guys with their libidos concentrated on the green felt. Femmes like these would get mobbed anywhere else, but in Vegas nobody gives a glance.

(One vital warning: Nevada is known for its divorce action, but while there were 3850 divorces in Vegas in 1958, there were 26,899 marriages. You can get spliced at the drop of a "yes." Right on the Strip there are chapels advertising "Free Wedding Information," and The Hitching Post, among other places, stands ready to join you in legal bliss twenty-four hours per diem.)

• • •

One of the wild things about Vegas and environs is that everybody agrees the boom has just begun. The newest excitement is a six-million-dollar convention center that looks like a giant flying saucer sitting on the desert. This is the most modern structure of its kind, taking care of the needs of up to 8000 people. It's a natural, because there's no city anywhere that can offer the number of first-class accommodations and the choice of entertainments available in Vegas. All the Strip hotels are expanding and there are rumors of more to be built. Downtown, the casinos are constantly enlarging and renovating; the play continues right through the noise of jackhammers and walls being removed without people looking up from the tables.

Most first time visitors have never been in a 24-hour-a-day, wide-open gambling town before, but they get caught up in the Vegas rhythm. You never know night from day in the bright casinos with action at the tables all the time, the songs of the one-arm bandits jangling and the lounges blaring. Even the squares, used to their eight hours on the mattress, rarely think of hitting the pillow. This pace is one reason for the unreal, hallucinatory mood that makes Vegas such an entertaining place to lose your identity — and your loot.

Don't forget one gambling rule. Decide before you get to Vegas the maximum you'll care to lose; divide the amount by the number of days or do it any way you like — but stick to the figure. A useful corollary is to decide what you'll be satisfied to win. The only way you'll come out a winner is to set a figure and stop when you're that far ahead.

If you've got any change left on your way out of Vegas you can dump it in the slot machines at McCarran Field while waiting for your flight. But whatever you think of the scene, we know you'll be able to appreciate that classic ambiguity, "You can't beat Vegas."

VOICE STILLED

(continued from page 58)

That's just about the lowest *I've* ever seen."

"You wouldn't let me go to him," Joan said to the nurse; her voice was heartbroken. "You wouldn't let me go to him."

"We weren't even *there*," Weasel said. "This poor child . . ." He put an arm tenderly around Joan.

"Mrs. Jones was with him," the nurse said.

"H*ha!*" Weasel fell back dramatically. "They sneaked her in? No one let me know? She got here?"

"Can we go up now, anyway?" Martin asked.

"Mrs. Jones is with him," the nurse said. "Mrs. Jones will no doubt want to thank all of you at another time. Now . . ." she gestured, slightly but unmistakably, she was indicating the hall which led to the outside doors of the hospital.

"Well." Weasel tightened his lips. "How about the Service?" he said. "I suppose Mrs. Jones wants to run *that*, too? She's never read a *word* of his work, *naturally*. I was planning to read the passage on death from his *Evil Man*," he explained to Angell, "you remember: it begins with that marvelous description of the flies? He used to recite it when he was drunk. Mrs. Jones will simply *have* to come down here," he said to the nurse. "How can we make any *arrangements*?"

"Mrs. Jones will no doubt be in touch with you," the nurse said. She stood back a little, and this time her gesture was a shade more emphatic.

There was a minute of silent hesitation, and then Angell said, "'Within the twilight chamber spreads apace the shadow of white Death, and at the door invisible Corruption waits . . .'"

"A great voice has been stilled," Weasel said reverently.

"My only, truest love," Joan mourned.

"He writes now with a golden pen."

"A great writer is a great man writing."

"It was worth coming down for," Martin said, coming over to take Katherine's arm. "I talked to Angell for a minute, and he said to call him tomorrow." Impatient now, Martin led Katherine through the crowd to the doorway and out into the hall.

"Goodbye," the nurse said.

Slowly, a little ahead of the others, who lingered, laughing a little now, gathering around Joan, listening to Weasel, Katherine and Martin went down the hospital hallway. "He might have a spot for me now in that lecture series," Martin said. He gestured upwards. "Now that *he*'s gone, I could do a talk on *his* work. His personal tragedy, maybe."

"It was hot in there," Katherine said.

Weasel caught up with them, and said quickly, "We're all going on to Joan's. I don't think she should be alone right now. You two come along?"

"Thanks," Martin said, "but Katherine's pretty broken up, too. I'm going to take her directly home."

Weasel glanced quickly at Katherine and said, "Terribly sad, the whole business, wasn't it? I nearly *died* when I heard he was gone, and absolutely *no* one there who cared. I mean really *cared*."

"We paid him what tribute we could," Martin said.

"The responsibility of the intellectual," Weasel said vaguely. "Come over to Joan's later if you can make it?"

He pattered away, back down the hall to Joan, and Martin and Katherine came down the steps of the hospital into the unexpectedly dark afternoon.

"My only, truest love," Katherine said.

"Hm?" said Martin. "You ask me something?"

"No," said Katherine, and laughed.

"Anyplace special you want to go for dinner?" Martin asked.

"Yes," Katherine said. "That nice little place where they make sweetbreads. I was thinking about it earlier."

"Hey man, when does this stuff take effect . . . ?"

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HILDEBRAND RARITY

(continued from page 56)

"Oh no, Milt. Oh no, please."

• • •

On the second day out, at dawn, they came up with Chagrin Island. It was first picked up by the radar—a small bump in the dead-level line on the scanner—and then a minute blur on the great curved horizon grew with infinite slowness into half a mile of green fringed with white. It was extraordinary to come upon land after two days in which the yacht had seemed to be the only moving, the only living thing in an empty world. Bond had never seen or even clearly imagined the doldrums before. Now he realized what a terrible hazard they must have been in the days of sail—the sea of glass under a brazen sun, the foul, heavy air, the trail of small clouds along the rim of the world that never came closer, never brought wind or blessed rain. How must centuries of mariners have blessed this tiny dot in the Indian Ocean as they bent to the oars that moved the heavy ship perhaps a mile a day! Bond stood in the bows and watched the flying fish squirt from beneath the hull as the blue-black of the sea slowly mottled into the brown and white and green of deep shoal. How wonderful that he would soon be walking and swimming again instead of just sitting and lying down. How wonderful to have a few hours' solitude—a few hours away from Mr. Milton Krest!

They anchored outside the reef in ten fathoms and Fidele Barbey took them through the opening in the speedboat. In every detail Chagrin was the prototype coral island. It was about twenty acres of sand and dead coral and low scrub surrounded, after fifty yards of shallow lagoon, by a necklace of reef on which the quiet, long swell broke with a soft hiss. Clouds of birds rose when they landed—terns, boobies, men-of-war, frigates—but quickly settled again. There was a strong ammoniac smell of guano, and the scrub was white with it. The only other living things were the land crabs that scuttled and scraped among the *lame sans fin* and the fiddler crabs that lived in the sand.

The glare from the white sand was dazzling and there was no shade. Mr. Krest ordered a tent to be erected and sat in it smoking a cigar while gear of various kinds was ferried ashore. Mrs. Krest swam and picked up sea shells while Bond and Fidele Barbey put on masks and swimming in opposing directions, began systematically to comb the reef all the way round the island.

When you are looking for one particular species underwater—shell or fish or seaweed or coral formation—you have to keep your brain and your eyes focused for that one individual pattern. The riot of color and movement and the endless variety of light and shadow fight your concentration all the time. Bond trudged slowly along through the wonderland with only one picture in his mind—a six-inch pink fish with black stripes and big eyes—the second such fish man had ever seen. "If you see it," Mr. Krest had enjoined, "just you let out a yell and stay with it. I'll do the rest. I got a little something in the tent that's just the dandiest thing for catching fish you ever saw."

Bond paused to rest his eyes. The water was so buoyant that he could lie face downward on the surface without moving. Idly he broke up a sea egg with the tip of his spear and watched the horde of glittering reef fish darting for the shreds of yellow flesh among the needle-sharp black spines. How infernal that if he did find the Rarity it would benefit only Mr. Krest! Should he say nothing if he found it? Rather childish, and anyway he was under contract, so to speak. Bond moved slowly on, his eyes automatically taking up the search again while his mind turned to considering the girl. She had spent the previous day in bed. Mr. Krest had said it was a headache. Would she one day turn on him? Would she get herself a knife or a gun and one night, when he reached for that damnable whip, would she kill him? No. She was too soft, too malleable. Mr. Krest had chosen well. She was the stuff of slaves. And the trappings of her "fairy tale" were too precious. Didn't she realize that a jury would certainly acquit her if the sting ray whip were produced in court? She could have the trappings without this dreadful, damnable man. Should Bond tell her that? Don't be ridiculous! How would he put it? "Oh Liz, if you want to murder your husband, it'll be quite all right." Bond smiled inside his mask. To hell with it! Don't interfere with other people's lives. She probably likes it—masochist. But Bond knew that that was too easy an answer. This was a girl who lived in fear. Perhaps she also lived in loathing. One couldn't read much in those soft blue eyes, but the windows had opened once or twice and a flash of something like a childish hate had shown through. Had it been hate? It had probably been indigestion. Bond put the Krests out of his mind and looked up to see how far round the island he had got. Fidele Barbey's snorkel was only a hundred yards away. They had nearly completed the circuit.

They came up with each other and swam to the shore and lay on the hot sand. Fidele Barbey said, "Nothing on my side of the property except every fish in the world bar one. But I've had a stroke of luck. Ran into a big colony of green snail. That's the pearl shell as big as a small football. Worth quite a lot of money. I'll send one of my boats after

them one of these days. Saw a blue parrot fish that must have been a good thirty pounds. Tame as a dog like all the fish round here. Hadn't got the heart to kill it. And if I had, there might have been trouble. Saw two or three leopard sharks cruising around over the reef. Blood in the water might have brought them through. Now I'm ready for a drink and something to eat. After that we can swap sides and have another go."

They got up and walked along the beach to the tent. Mr. Krest heard their voices and came out to meet them. "No dice, eh?" He scratched angrily at an armpit. "Goddam sandfly bit me. This is one hell of a godawful island. Liz couldn't stand the smell. Gone back to the ship. Guess we'd better give it one more going over and then get the hell out of here. Help yourselves to some chow and you'll find cold beer in the icepack. Here, gimme one of those masks. How do you use the damn things? I guess I might as well take a peek at the sea's bottom while I'm about it."

They sat in the hot tent and ate the chicken salad and drank beer and moodily watched Mr. Krest poking and peering about in the shallows. Fidele Barbey said, "He's right, of course. These little islands are bloody awful places. Nothing but crabs and bird dung surrounded by too damn much sea. It's only the poor bloody frozen Europeans that dream of coral islands. East of Suez you won't find any sane man who gives a damn for them. My family owns about ten of them, decent-sized ones too, with small villages on them and a good income from copra and turtle. Well, you can have the whole bloody lot in exchange for a flat in London or Paris."

Bond laughed. He began, "Put an advertisement in the *Times* and you'd get sackloads ——" when, fifty yards away, Mr. Krest began to make frantic signals. Bond said, "Either the bastard's found it or he's trodden on a guitar fish," and picked up his mask and ran down to the sea.

Mr. Krest was standing up to his waist among the shallow beginnings of the reef. He jabbed his finger excitedly at the surface. Bond swam softly forward. A carpet of sea grass ended in broken coral and an occasional niggerhead. A dozen varieties of butterfly and other reef fish flirted among the rocks and a small langouste quested toward Bond with its feelers. The head of a large green moray protruded from a hole, its half-open jaws showing the rows of needle teeth. Its golden eyes watched Bond carefully. Bond was amused to note that Mr. Krest's hairy legs, magnified into pale tree trunks by the glass, were not more than a foot away from the moray's jaws. He gave an encouraging poke at the moray with his spear, but the eel only snapped at the metal points and slid back out of sight. Bond stopped and floated, his eyes scanning the brilliant jungle. A red blur materialized through the far mist and came toward him. It circled closely beneath him as if showing itself off. The dark-blue eyes examined him without fear. The small fish busied itself rather self-consciously with some algae on the underside of a niggerhead, made a dart at a speck of something suspended in the water and then, as if leaving the stage after showing its paces, swam languidly off back into the mist.

Bond backed away from the moray's hole and put his feet to the ground. He took off his mask. He said to Mr. Krest, who was standing gazing impatiently at him through his goggles, "Yes, that's it all right. Better move quietly away from here. He won't go away unless he's frightened. These reef fish stick pretty well to the same pastures."

Mr. Krest pulled off his mask. "Goddam, I found it!" he said reverently. "Well, goddam I did." He slowly followed Bond to the shore.

Fidele Barbey was waiting for them. Mr. Krest said boisterously, "Fido, I found that goddam fish. Me — Milton Krest. Whaddaya know about that? After you two goddam experts had been at it all morning. I just took that mask of yours — first time I ever put one on, mark you — and I walked out and found the goddam fish in fifteen minutes flat. Whaddaya say to that, eh, Fido?"

"That's good, Mr. Krest. That's fine. Now how do we catch it?"

"Aha," Mr. Krest winked slowly. "I got just the ticket for that. Got it from a chemist friend of mine. Stuff called rotenone. Made from derris root. What the natives fish with in Brazil. Just pour it in the water where it'll float over what you're after and it'll get him as sure as eggs is eggs. Sort of poison. Constricts the blood vessels in their gills. Suffocates them. No effect on humans because no gills, see?" Mr. Krest turned to Bond. "Here, Jim. You go on out and keep watch. See the darned fish don't vamoose. Fido and I'll bring the stuff out there." He pointed upcurrent from the vital area. "I'll let go the rotenone when you say the word. It'll drift down toward you. Right? But for land's sakes get the timing right. I've only got a five-gallon tin of this stuff. 'K?"

Bond said "All right" and walked slowly down and into the water. He swam lazily out to where he had stood before. Yes, everyone was still there, going about his business. The moray's pointed head was back again at the edge of its hole, the langouste again queried him. In a minute, as if it had a rendezvous with Bond, the Hildebrand Rarity appeared. This time it swam up quite close to his face. It looked through the glass at his eyes and then, as if disturbed by what it had seen there, darted out of range. It played around among the

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rocks for a while and then went off into the mist.

Slowly the little underwater world within Bond's vision began to take him for granted. A small octopus that had been camouflaged as a piece of coral revealed its presence and groped carefully down toward the sand. The blue and yellow langouste came a few steps out from under the rock, wondering about him. Some very small fish like minnows nibbled at his legs and toes, tickling. Bond broke a sea egg for them and they darted to the better meal. Bond lifted his head. Mr. Krest, holding the flat can, was twenty yards away to Bond's right. He would soon begin pouring, when Bond gave the sign, so that the liquid would get a good wide spread over the surface.

"OK?" called Mr. Krest.

Bond shook his head. "I'll raise my thumb when he's back here. Then you'll have to pour fast."

"OK, Jim. You're at the bombsight."

Bond put his head down. There was the little community, everyone busied with his affairs. Soon, to get one fish that someone vaguely wanted in a museum five thousand miles away, a hundred, perhaps a thousand small people were going to die. When Bond gave the signal, the shadow of death would come down on the stream. How long would the poison last? How far would it travel on down the reef? Perhaps it would not be thousands but tens of thousands that would die.

A small trunk fish appeared, its tiny fins whirring like propellers. A rock beauty, gorgeous in gold and red and black, pecked at the sand, and a pair of the inevitable black-and-yellow-striped sergeant majors materialized from nowhere, attracted by the scent of the broken sea egg.

Inside the reef, who was the predator in the world of small fishes? Who did they fear? Small barracuda? An occasional billfish? Now, a big, a fully grown predator, a man called Krest, was standing in the wings, waiting. And this one wasn't even hungry. He was just going to kill.—almost for fun.

Two brown legs appeared in Bond's vision. He looked up. It was Fidele Barbey with a long handled landing net and a big creel strapped to his chest.

Bond lifted his mask. "I feel like the bomb-aimer at Nagasaki."

"Fish are cold-blooded. They don't feel anything."

"How do you know? I've heard them scream when they're hurt."

Barbey said indifferently, "They won't be able to scream with this stuff. It strangles them. What's eating you? They're only fish."

"I know, I know." Fidele Barbey had spent his life killing animals and fish. While he, Bond, had sometimes not hesitated to kill men. What was he fussing about? He hadn't minded killing the sting ray. Yes but that was an enemy fish. These down here were friendly people. People? The pathetic fallacy!

"Hey," came the voice of Mr. Krest. "What's goin' on over there? This ain't no time for chewing the fat. Get that head down, Jim."

Bond pulled down his mask and lay again on the surface. At once he saw the beautiful red shadow coming out of the far mists. The fish swam fast up to him as if it now took him for granted. It lay below him, looking up. Bond said into his mask, "Get away from here, damn you." He gave a sharp jab at the fish with his harpoon. The fish fled back into the mist. Bond lifted his head and angrily raised his thumb. It was a ridiculous and petty act of sabotage of which he was already ashamed. The dark brown oily liquid was pouring out onto the surface of the lagoon. There was time to stop Mr. Krest before it was all gone—time to give him another chance at the Hildebrand Rarity. Bond stood and watched until the last drop was tilted out. To hell with Mr. Krest!

Now the stuff was creeping slowly down on the current—a shiny, spreading stain which reflected the blue sky with a metallic glint. Mr. Krest, the giant reaper, was wading down with it. "Get set, fellers," he called cheerfully. "It's right up with you now."

Bond put his head back under the surface. Everything was as before in the little community. And then, with stupefying suddenness, everyone went mad. It was as if they had all been seized with St. Vitus' dance. Several fish looped the loop crazily and then fell like heavy leaves to the sand. The moray eel came slowly out of the hole in the coral, its jaws wide. It stood carefully upright on its tail and gently toppled sideways. The small langouste gave three kicks of its tail and turned over on its back, and the octopus let go its hold of the coral and drifted to the bottom upside down. And then, into the arena drifted the corpses from upstream—white-bellied fish, shrimps, worms, hermit crabs, spotted and green morays, langoustes of all sizes. As if blown by some light breeze of death, the clumsy bodies, their colors already fading, swept slowly past. A five pound billfish struggled by with snapping beak, fighting death. Down-reef there were splashes on the surface as still bigger fish tried to make for safety. One by one, before Bond's eyes, the sea urchins dropped off the rocks to make black ink-blots on the sand.

Bond felt a touch on his shoulder. Mr. Krest's eyes were bloodshot with the sun and glare. He had put white sunburn paste on his lips. He shouted impatiently at Bond's mask, "Where in hell's our goddam fish?"

Bond lifted his mask. "Looks as if it managed to get away just before the stuff

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came down. I'm still watching for it."

He didn't wait to hear Mr. Krest's reply but got his head quickly under water again. Still more carnage, still more dead bodies. But surely the stuff had passed by now. Surely the area was safe just in case the fish, his fish because he had saved it, came back again! He stiffened. In the far mists there was a pink flash. It had gone. Now it was back again. Idly the Hildebrand Rarity swam toward him through the maze of channels between the broken outposts of the reef.

Not caring about Mr. Krest, Bond raised his free hand out of the water and brought it down with a sharp slap. Still the fish came. Bond shifted the safe on his harpoon gun and fired it in the direction of the fish. No effect. Bond put his feet down and began to walk toward the fish through the scattering of corpses. The beautiful red and black fish seemed to pause and quiver. Then it shot straight through the water toward Bond and dived down to the sand at his feet and lay still. Bond only had to bend to pick it up. There was not even a last flap from the tail. It just filled Bond's hand lightly pricking the palm with the spiny black dorsal fin. Bond carried it back under water so as to preserve its colors. When he got to Mr. Krest he said "here" and handed him the small fish. Then he swam away toward the shore.

• • •

That evening, with the Wavekrest heading for home down the path of a huge yellow moon, Mr. Krest gave orders for what he called a "wingding." "Gotta celebrate, Liz. This is terrific, a terrific day. Cleaned up the last target and we can get the hell out of these goddam Seychelles and get on back to civilization. What say we make it to Mombasa when we've taken on board the tortoise and that goddam parrot? Fly to Nairobi and pick up a big plane for Rome, Venice, Paris—anywheres you care for. What say, treasure?" He squeezed her chin and cheeks in his big hand and made the pale lips pout. He kissed them wetly. Bond watched the girl's eyes. They had shut tight. Mr. Krest let go. The girl massaged her face. It was still white with his finger marks.

"Gee, Milt," she said half-laughing, "you nearly squashed me. You don't know your strength. But do let's celebrate. I think that would be lots of fun. And that Paris idea sounds grand. Let's do that, shall we? What shall I order for dinner?"

"Hell, caviar of course." Mr. Krest held his hands apart. "One of those two-pound tins—the grade ten shot size, and all the trimmings. And that pink champagne." He turned to Bond. "That suit you, feller?"

"Sounds like a square meal." Bond changed the subject. "What have you done with the prize?"

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"Formalin. Up on the boat deck with some other jars of stuff we've picked up here and there — fish, shells. All safe in our home morgue. That's how we were told to keep the specimens. We'll air-mail that damned fish when we get back to civilization. Give a press conference first. Should make a big play in the papers back home. I've already radioed the Smithsonian and the news agencies. My accountants'll sure be glad of some press cuttings to show those darned Revenue boys."

Mr. Krest got very drunk that night. It did not show greatly. The soft, Bogart voice became softer and slower. The round, hard head turned more deliberately on the shoulders. The lighter's flame took increasingly long to relight the cigar and one glass was swept off the table. But it showed in the things Mr. Krest said. There was a violent cruelty, a pathological desire to wound quite near the surface in the man. That night, after dinner, the first target was James Bond. He was treated to a soft-spoken explanation as to why Europe, with England and France in the vanguard, was a rapidly diminishing asset to the world. Nowadays, said Mr. Krest, there were only three powers — America, Russia and China. That was the big poker game and no other country had either the money or the cards to come into it. Occasionally some pleasant little country — and he admitted they'd been pretty big league in the past — like England would be lent some money so that they could take a hand with the grown-ups. But that was just being polite like one sometimes had to be — to a chum in one's club who'd gone broke. No, England — nice people, mind you, good sports — was a place to see the old buildings and the Queen and so on. France? They only counted for good food and easy women. Italy? Sunshine and spaghetti. Sanatorium, sort of. Germany? Well, they still had some spunk, but two lost wars had knocked the heart out of them. Mr. Krest dismissed the rest of the world with a few similar tags and then asked Bond for his comments.

Bond was thoroughly tired of Mr. Krest. He said he found Mr. Krest's point of view oversimplified — he might even say naive. He said, "Your argument reminds me of a rather sharp epigram I once heard about America. Care to hear it?"

"Sure, sure."

"It's to the effect that America has progressed from infancy to senility without having passed through a period of maturity."

Mr. Krest looked thoughtfully at Bond. Finally he said, "Why, say, Jim, that's pretty neat." His eyes hooded slightly as they turned toward his wife. "Guess you'd kinda go along with that remark of Jim's, eh treasure? I recall you saying once you reckoned there was something pretty childish about the Americans. Remember?"

"Oh Milt," Liz Krest's eyes were anxious. She had read the signs. "How can you bring that up? You know it was only something casual I said about the comic sections of the papers. Of course I don't agree with what James says. Anyway it was only a joke, wasn't it, James?"

"That's right," said Bond. "Like when Mr. Krest said England had nothing but ruins and a queen."

Mr. Krest's eyes were still on the girl. He said softly, "Shucks, treasure. Why are you looking so nervous? Course it was a joke." He paused. "And one I'll remember, treasure. One I'll sure remember."

Bond estimated that by now Mr. Krest had just about one whole bottle of various alcohols, mostly whiskey, inside him. It looked to Bond as if, unless Mr. Krest passed out, the time was not far off when Bond would have to hit Mr. Krest just once, very hard on the jaw. Fidele Barbey was now being given the treatment. "These islands of yours, Fido. When I first looked them up on the map, I thought it was just some specks of fly dirt on the page." Mr. Krest chuckled. "Even tried to brush them off with the back of my hand. Then I read a bit about them and it seemed to me my first thoughts had just about hit the nail on the head. Not much good for anything, are they, Fido? I wonder an intelligent guy like you doesn't get the hell out of there. Beachcombing ain't any kind of a life. Though I did hear one of your family had logged over a hundred illegitimate children. Mebbe that's the attraction, eh feller?" Mr. Krest grinned knowingly.

Fidele Barbey said equably, "That's my uncle, Gaston. The rest of the family doesn't approve. It's made quite a hole in the family fortune."

"Family fortune, eh?" Mr. Krest winked at Bond. "What's it in? Cowrie shells?"

"Not exactly." Fidele Barbey was not used to Mr. Krest's brand of rudeness. He looked mildly embarrassed. "Though we made quite a lot out of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl about a hundred years ago when there was a rage for these things. Copra's always been our main business."

"Using the family bastards as labor I guess. Good idea. Wish I could fix something like that in my home circle." He looked across at his wife. The rubbery lips turned still further down. Before the next jibe could be uttered, Bond had pushed his chair back and had gone out into the well deck and pulled the door shut behind him.

Ten minutes later Bond heard feet coming softly down the ladder from the boat deck. He turned. It was Liz Krest.

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She came over to where he was standing in the stern. She said in a strained voice, "I said I'd go to bed. But then I thought I'd come back here and see if you'd got everything you want. I'm not a very good hostess, I'm afraid. Are you sure you don't mind sleeping out here?"

"I like it. I like this kind of air better than the canned stuff inside. And it's rather wonderful to have all those stars to look at. I've never seen so many before."

She said eagerly, grasping at a friendly topic, "I like Orion's Belt and the Southern Cross the best. You know, when I was young, I used to think the stars were really holes in the sky. I thought the world was surrounded by a great big black sort of envelope and that outside it the universe was full of bright light. The stars were just holes in the envelope that let little sparks of light through. One gets terribly silly ideas when one's young." She looked up at him, wanting him not to snub her.

Bond said, "You're probably quite right. One shouldn't believe all the scientists say. They want to make everything dull. Where did you live then?"

"At Ringwood in the New Forest. It was a good place to be brought up. A good place for children. I'd like to go there again one day."

Bond said, "You've certainly come a long way since then. You'd probably find it pretty dull."

She reached out and touched his sleeve. "Please don't say that. You don't understand." There was an edge of desperation in the soft voice. "I can't bear to go on missing what other people have—ordinary people. I mean," she laughed nervously, "you won't believe me, but just to talk like this for a few minutes, to have someone like you to talk to, is something I'd almost forgotten." She suddenly reached for his hand and held it hard. "I'm sorry. I just wanted to do that. Now I'll go to bed."

The soft voice came from behind them. The sibilants had slurred, but each word was carefully separated from the next. "Well, well. Whaddaya know? Necking with the underwater help!"

Mr. Krest stood framed in the hatch to the saloon. He stood with his legs apart and his arms upstretched to the lintel above his head. With the light behind him he had the silhouette of a baboon. The cold, imprisoned breath of the saloon rushed out past him and for a moment chilled the warm night air in the well deck. Mr. Krest stepped out and softly pulled the door to behind him.

Bond took a step toward him, his hands held loosely at his sides. He measured the distance to Mr. Krest's solar plexus. He said, "Don't jump to con-

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clusions, Mr. Krest. And watch your tongue. You're lucky not to have got hurt so far tonight. Don't press your luck. You're drunk. Go to bed."

"Oho! Listen to the little feller." Mr. Krest's moon-burned face turned slowly from Bond to his wife. He made a contemptuous, Hapsburg lip grimace. He took a silver whistle out of his pocket and whirled it round on its string. "He sure don't get the picture, does he, treasure? You ain't told him that those Heimes up front ain't just for ornament?" He turned back to Bond. "Feller, you move any closer and I blow this — just once. And you know what? It'll be the old heave-ho for Mr. goddam Bond," he made a gesture toward the sea, "over the side. Man overboard. Too bad. We back up to make a search and you know what, feller? Just by chance we back up into you with those twin screws. Would you believe it! What lousy bad luck for that nice feller Jim we were all getting so fond of!" Mr. Krest swayed on his feet. "D'ya get the photo, Jim? OK, so let's all be friends again and get some shut-eye." He reached for the lintel of the hatch and turned to his wife. He lifted his free hand and slowly crooked a finger. "Move, treasure. Time for bed."

"Yes, Milt." The wide, frightened eyes turned sideways. "Good night, James." Without waiting for an answer she ducked under Mr. Krest's arm and almost ran through the saloon.

Mr. Krest lifted a hand. "Take it easy, feller. No hard feelings, eh?"

Bond said nothing. He went on looking hard at Mr. Krest. Mr. Krest laughed uncertainly. He said, "OK then." He stepped into the saloon and slid the door shut. Through the window, Bond watched him walk unsteadily across the saloon and turn out the lights. He went into the corridor and there was a momentary gleam from the stateroom door and then that too went dark.

Bond shrugged his shoulders. God, what a man! He leaned against the stern rail and watched the stars and the flashes of phosphorescence in the creaming wake and set about washing his mind clear and relaxing the coiled tensions in his body.

Half an hour later, after taking a shower in the crew's bathroom forward, Bond was making a bed for himself among the piled foam-rubber cushions when he heard a single, heart-rending scream. It tore briefly into the night and was smothered. It was the girl. Bond ran through the saloon and down the passage. With his hand on the stateroom door, he stopped. He could hear her sobs and, above them, the soft, even drone of Mr. Krest's voice. He took his hand away from the latch. Hell! What was it to do with him? They were man and wife. If she was prepared to stand this sort of thing and not kill her husband or leave him it was no good Bond playing Sir Galahad. Bond walked slowly back down the passage. As he was crossing the saloon, the scream, this time less piercing, rang out again. Bond cursed fluently and went out and lay down on his bed and tried to focus his mind on the soft thud of the diesels. How could a girl have so little guts? Or was it that women could take almost anything from a man? Anything except indifference? Bond's mind refused to unwind. Sleep got further and further away.

An hour later Bond had reached the edge of unconsciousness when, up above him on the boat deck, Mr. Krest began to snore. On the second night out from Port Victoria Mr. Krest had left his cabin in the middle of the night and had gone up to the hammock that was kept slung for him between the speedboat and the dinghy, but that night he had not snored. Now he was snoring with those deep, rattling, utterly lost snores that come from big blue sleeping pills on top of too much alcohol.

This was too damned much. Bond looked at his watch. One thirty. If the snoring didn't stop in ten minutes Bond would go down to Fidele Barbey's cabin and sleep on the floor even if he did wake up stiff and frozen in the morning.

Bond watched the gleaming minute hand slowly creep round the dial. Now! He had got to his feet and was gathering up his shirt and shorts when, from up on the boat deck, there came a heavy crash. The crash was immediately followed by scrabbling sounds and a dreadful choking and gurgling. Had Mr. Krest fallen out of his hammock? Reluctantly Bond dropped his things back on the deck and walked over and climbed the ladder. As his eyes came level with the boat deck, the choking stopped. Instead there was another, a more dreadful sound — the quick drumming of heels. Bond knew that sound. He leaped up the last steps and ran toward the figure lying spread-eagled on its back in the bright moonlight. He stopped and knelt slowly down, aghast. The horror of the strangled face was bad enough, but it was not Mr. Krest's tongue that protruded from his gaping mouth. It was the tail of a fish. The colors were pink and black. It was the Hildebrand Rarity!

The man was dead — horribly dead. When the fish had been crammed into his mouth he must have reached up and desperately tried to tug it out. But the spines of the dorsal and anal fins had caught inside the cheeks and some of the spiny tips now protruded through the blood-flecked skin round the obscene mouth. Bond shuddered. Death must have come inside a minute. But what a minute!

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Bond slowly got to his feet. He walked over to the racks of glass specimen jars and peered under the protective awning. The plastic cover of the end jar lay on the deck beside it. Bond wiped it carefully on the tarpaulin and then, holding it by the tips of his fingernails, laid it loosely back over the mouth of the jar.

He went back and stood over the corpse. Which of the two had done this? There was a touch of fiendish spite in using the treasured prize as a weapon. That suggested the woman. She certainly had her reasons. But Fidele Barbey, with his creole blood, would have had the cruelty and at the same time the macabre humor. "*Je lui ai foutu son sacré poisson dans la gueule.*" Bond could hear him say the words. If, after Bond had left the saloon, Mr. Krest had needled the Seychellois just a little bit further — particularly about his family or his beloved islands — Fidele Barbey would not have hit him then and there, or used a knife, he would have waited and plotted. On the other hand, it could even have been one of the German helots.

Bond looked round the deck. The snoring of the man could have been a signal for any potential murderer. There were ladders to the boat deck from both sides of the cabin deck amidships. The man at the wheel in the pilot house forward would have heard nothing above the noise from the engine room. To pick the small fish out of its formalin bath and slip it into Mr. Krest's gaping mouth would have needed only seconds. Bond shrugged. Whoever had done it had not thought of the consequences — of the inevitable inquest, perhaps of a trial in which he, Bond, would be an additional suspect. They were certainly all going to be in one hell of a mess unless he could tidy things up.

Bond glanced over the edge of the boat deck. Below was the three-foot-wide strip of deck that ran the length of the ship. Between this and the sea there was a two-foot-high rail. Supposing the hammock had broken and Mr. Krest had fallen and rolled under the speedboat and over the edge of the upper deck, could he have reached the sea? Hardly, in this dead calm, but that was what he was going to have done.

Bond got moving. With a table knife from the saloon he carefully frayed and then broke one of the main cords of the hammock so that the hammock trailed realistically on the deck. Next, with a damp cloth, he cleaned up the specks of blood on the woodwork and the drops of formalin that led from the specimen jar. Then came the hardest part — handling the corpse. Carefully Bond pulled it to the very edge of the deck and himself went down the ladder and, bracing himself, reached up. The corpse came down on top of him in a heavy, drunken embrace. Bond staggered under

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it to the low rail and eased it over. There was a last hideous glimpse of the obscenely bulging face and the protruding fish tail, a sickening fume of stale whiskey, a heavy splash and it was gone and rolling sluggishly away in the small waves of the wake. Bond flattened himself back against the saloon hatchway, ready to slip through if the helmsman came aft to investigate. But there was no movement forward and the iron tramp of the diesels held steady.

Bond sighed deeply. It would be a very troublesome coroner who brought in anything but misadventure. He went back to the boat deck, gave it a final look over, disposed of the knife and the wet cloth, and went down the ladder to his bed in the well. It was two-fifteen. Bond was asleep inside ten minutes.

• • •

By pushing the speed up to twelve knots they made North Point by six o'clock that evening. Behind them the sky was ablaze with red and gold streaked across aquamarine. The two men, with the woman between them, stood at the rail of the well deck and watched the brilliant shore slip by across the mother-of-pearl mirror of the sea. Liz Krest was wearing a white linen frock with a black belt and a black-and-white handkerchief round her neck. The mourning colors went well with the golden skin. The three people stood stiffly and rather self consciously, each one nursing his own piece of secret knowledge, each one anxious to convey to the other two that their particular secrets were safe with him.

That morning there had seemed to be a conspiracy among the three to sleep late. Even Bond had not been awakened by the sun until ten o'clock. He showered in the crew's quarters and chatted with the helmsman before going below to see what had happened to Fidele Barbey. He was still in bed. He said he had a hangover. Had he been very rude to Mr. Krest? He couldn't remember much about it except that he seemed to recall Mr. Krest being very rude to him. "You remember what I said about him from the beginning, James? A grand slam redoubled in bastards. Now do you agree with me? One of these days, someone's going to shut that soft ugly mouth of his forever."

Inconclusive. Bond had fixed himself some breakfast in the galley and was eating it there when Liz Krest had come in to do the same. She was dressed in a pale blue shantung kimono to her knees. There were dark rings under her eyes and she ate her breakfast standing. But she seemed perfectly calm and at ease. She whispered conspiratorially, "I do apologize about last night. I suppose I'd had a bit too much to drink too. But do forgive Milt. He's really awfully nice. It's only when he's had a bit too much that he gets sort of difficult. He's always sorry the next morning. You'll see."

When eleven o'clock came and neither of the other two showed any signs of, so to speak, blowing the gaff, Bond decided to force the pace. He looked very hard at Liz Krest who was curled up in the well deck reading a magazine. He said, "By the way, where's your husband? Still sleeping it off?"

She frowned. "I suppose so. He went up to his hammock on the boat deck. I've no idea what time. I took a sleeping pill and went straight off."

Fidele Barbey had a line out for amberjack. Without looking round he said, "He's probably in the pilot house."

Bond said, "If he's still asleep on the boat deck he'll be getting a hell of a sunburn."

Liz Krest said, "Oh, poor Milt! I hadn't thought of that. I'll go and see."

She climbed the ladder. When her head was above the level of the boat deck she stopped. She called down, anxiously, "James. He's not here. And the hammock's broken."

Bond said "Fidele's probably right. I'll have a look forward."

He went to the pilot house. Fritz, the mate, and the engineer were there. Bond said, "Anyone seen Mr. Krest?"

Fritz looked puzzled. "No, sir. Why? Is anything wrong?"

Bond flooded his face with anxiety. "He's not aft. Here, come on! Look round everywhere. He was sleeping on the boat deck. He's not there and his hammock's broken. He was rather the worse for wear last night. Come on! Get cracking!"

When the inevitable conclusion had been reached, Liz Krest had a short but credible fit of hysterics. Bond took her to her cabin and left her there in tears. "It's all right, Liz," he said. "You stay out of this. I'll look after everything. We'll have to radio Port Victoria and so on. I'll tell Fritz to put on speed. I'm afraid it's hopeless turning back to look. There've been six hours of daylight when he couldn't have fallen overboard without being heard or seen. It must have been in the night. I'm afraid anything like six hours in these seas is just not on."

She stared at him, her eyes wide. "You mean — you mean sharks and things?"

Bond nodded.

"Oh Milt! Poor darling Milt! Oh why did this have to happen?"

Bond went out and softly shut the door.

• • •

The yacht rounded Cannon Point and reduced speed. Keeping well away from the broken reef it slid quietly across the broad bay, now lemon and gun metal in the last light, toward the anchorage. The small township beneath the mountains

was already dark with indigo shadow in which a sprinkling of yellow lights showed. Bond saw the Customs and Immigration launch move off from Long Pier to meet them. The little community would already be buzzing with news that would have quickly leaked from the radio station to the Seychelles Club and then, through the members' chauffeurs and staffs, into the town.

Liz Krest turned to him. "I'm beginning to get nervous. Will you help me through the rest of this – these awful formalities and things?"

"Of course."

Fidele Barbey said, "Don't worry too much. All these people are my friends. And the Chief Justice is my uncle. We shall all have to make a statement. They'll probably have the inquest tomorrow. You'll be able to leave the day after."

"You really think so?" A dew of sweat had sprung below her eyes. "The trouble is I don't really know where to leave for or what to do next. I suppose," she hesitated, not looking at Bond, "I suppose, James, you wouldn't like to come on to Mombasa? I mean, you're going there anyway and I'd be able to get you there a day earlier than this ship of yours, this Camp something."

"Kampala." Bond lit a cigarette to cover his hesitation. Four days in a beautiful yacht with this girl! But the tail of that fish sticking out of the mouth! Had she done it? Or had Fidele, who would know that his uncles and cousins on Mahé would somehow see that he came to no harm? If only one of them would make a slip. Bond said easily, "That's terribly nice of you, Liz. Of course I'd love to come."

Fidele Barbey chuckled. "Bravo, my friend. And I would love to be in your shoes, but for one thing. That damned fish. It is a great responsibility. I like to think of you both being deluged with cables from the Smithsonian about it. Don't forget that you are now both trustees of a scientific Koh-i-noor. And you know what these Americans are. They'll worry the life out of you until they've got their hands on it."

Bond's eyes were hard as flint as he watched the girl. Did that put the finger on *her*?

But the beautiful, candid blue eyes did not flicker. She looked up into Fidele Barbey's face and said, easily, charmingly, "That won't be a problem. I've decided to give it to the British Museum."

James Bond noticed that the sweat dew had now gathered at her temples but, after all, it was a desperately hot evening . . .

The thud of the engines stopped and the anchor chain roared down into the quiet bay.

Q.E.D.

(continued from page 44)

shoulders. Maybe you've noticed how your earlobes tingle when you're wearing oxford gray.

5. *You always slice your drive from the first tee when there's a crowd waiting to play.* Now, most people think this is caused by psychological pressure. But that is not the reason at all. All those waiting foursomes are staring at you as you tee up your ball, take a couple of practice swings, and finally address it: as many as a dozen pairs of eyes, focusing not only light rays *but also heat rays* on your back, arms, etc. You are getting a thorough diathermy treatment. Under its effect the trapezius, latissimus dorsi, and fascia infraspinata muscles of your back, and the deltoideus, triceps brachi, and flexor digitorum sublimis of your arms relax imperceptibly. Consequently there is too much pronation at the top of your backswing; the driver is swung out farther than you intended on your downswing and cuts across the ball, twirling it off on a slice that brings groans from the gallery, if you belong to a low-type club.

6. *Things are always easier to get into than out of.* This is a magnificent generalization of Brown's Theorem, and has led to many fruitful avenues of research. It applies infallibly to such diverse arenas as marriage, cars, electric chairs, trouble, bed, contracts, riding boots, arguments, inebriation, jail, a dither, tight spots, pregnancy, rigor mortis and habits. In two important areas it does not hold true: good physical condition and jobs. This will bear further study.

7. *There will always be an England.* I adduce this, conclusion-wise, as a typical example of a fallacy trying to pass itself off as an application of the principle here under discussion. There will *not* always be an England. Wave action is removing one foot of England per year around the entire coast; river and rain erosion is carrying off about half as much from the top; coal mining is chopping *eight times as much* out of the middle. In a matter of half a million years, England will be nothing but a few hazards to navigation. So let's not have any more of these sloppy and illegitimate extensions of Brown's Theorem.

In fact, that's where the danger lies: too many people are going to want to get in on the act with irresponsible statements that have the word "always" in them. *I'll Be Loving You, Always*, is another case in point. This assertion is not susceptible to rigorous proof, and obviously the guy who makes it is a jerk. Or, *It is always darkest just before the dawn*. Of all the stupid, ridiculous statements, I have to watch out for these free-loaders – otherwise, no Nobel Prize.

But the field is rich, men – rich! Proposition after proposition still lies buried under Man's reluctance to ask the question Why. Who will be next to join me in unfolding this discipline that has such unharvested fruits? Where will the next great advance be made?

The boss is always looking for you the one morning you're late for work. How about that? *Trains always leave on time when you're thirty seconds late. You always get to a double feature in time for the picture you don't want to see.* These facts are incontrovertible: they cry for elucidation. Brown's Theorem has had its Plato (me); who among you will be its Aristotle?

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THE BUDS ARE DARLING and the darlings are budding in May in Europe. You can cruise across the Atlantic on a mammoth luxury ship or a yacht-styled liner with a limited passenger list, using the increasingly popular one-way voyage plan (so you're not tied to a return date) at spring bargain rates. For confirmed air travelers, the most economical way to wing it is to gather a convivial group and charter your own plane. Whatever you do, make your travel reservations right now. Once you're abroad you can follow a flexible path, motoring your way from dock or airport to any points on the Continent in a brand-new rented car (if it performs admirably, buy it and take it home with you). See Europe the casual way, staying at smaller, more typical country hotels near the big cities, eating en route at charming wayside inns or picnic-style with some savory cheese, fresh bread and an ample supply of wine.

While you're on the move, wend your way along Britain's Thames to Windsor Castle, through Oxford and Stratford, lovely old Shrewsbury and the former Roman city of Chester, to the misty Lake District. Then admire Carlisle, anchor city for the massive sea-to-sea defense wall built across northern England by the Roman Emperor Hadrian to repel the Scottish "barbarians." Beyond the wall, tack on a leisurely four-day jaunt into the Scottish Highlands, through the moorland and wooded glens that inspired Robert Burns, to Glasgow, where Scotland's most famous export is bottled.

If you return via New York, here's an inside tip on a little-known, offbeat New York attraction in May — just to supplement your theatre, nightclub and dining explorations: drop in on the Broadway Show League softball games every Thursday afternoon at the diamonds on the west side of Central Park. You'll find the likes of Paul Newman, Sidney Poitier and Scott Brady running the bases, cheered on by Carol Haney, Joanne Woodward and other regulars. It's fun.

For those Maytime nomads in search of nothing but the sun, Florida's the answer. The rates are down to their fantastic summer low and the temperatures aren't at their midsummer high. Try a drive-it-yourself plan from Jacksonville, following a ready-mapped five-day schedule southward through the best the state has to offer, with overnight space reserved ahead for you at each point along the way to Miami. Spend five more days there, at a plush oceanside motel. And if you return by car along the East Coast, follow U.S. 13 and 17 and sample the food at these top Southern spots en route: Fred Abood's Steer Room, Jacksonville, Fla.; The Pirate's House, Savannah, Ga.; The Deck, Brunswick, Ga.; The Pink House, Myrtle Beach, S.C.; Cavallaro's, Charleston, S.C.; Saffo's, Wilmington, N.C.; The Circle, Portsmouth, Va. and Tourinns Dining Room, Kiptopeke Beach, Va.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

THE MOVIES—A PENETRATING ARTICLE ON HOLLYWOOD'S ACADEMY AWARDS BY ACADEMY AWARD WINNER **DALTON TRUMBO;** TIPS AND TECHNIQUES ON FILMING HOME MOVIES BY PLAYBOY'S PICTURE EDITOR **VINCENT T. TAJIRI;** A COMPREHENSIVE ESSAY ON THE EXPERIMENTAL FILM BY "SATURDAY REVIEW" SCREEN CRITIC **ARTHUR KNIGHT;** BOLD PHOTOS OF THE NEW ARGENTINE FILM SENSATION **ISABEL SARLIS**

"THE BARGAIN"—A FINE NOVELETTE BY NEWCOMER **EDWARD LOOMIS;** PLUS STORIES AND SATIRES BY **A. C. SPECTORSKY, REX LARDNER, KEN PURDY, T. K. BROWN III, SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

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For nearest store, write manufacturers, listed below. Men's Suits $39.95 to $42.95 by Sagner, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. *Boys' Suits* $24.95 to $35.95 by Picariello & Singer, Inc., East Boston 28, Mass. *Slacks for men* $9.95 *and boys* $6.95 to $8.95 by Thomson Co., Empire State Building, New York City.

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